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TOM HOOD	December	5
THOMAS GRAY	,,	12
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON ...	,,	19
SIR WALTER SCOTT	,,	26
	1897.	
SAMUEL RICHARDSON	January	2
THOMAS DE QUINCEY	,,	9
LEIGH HUNT	,,	16
LORD MACAULAY	,,	23
ROBERT SOUTHEY	,,	30
S. T. COLERIDGE	February	6
CHARLES LAMB	,,	13
MICHAEL DRAYTON	,,	20
WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR ...	,,	27
SAMUEL PEPYS	March	6
EDMUND WALLER	,,	13
WILKIE COLLINS	,,	20
JOHN MILTON	,,	27
WILLIAM COWPER	April	3
CHARLES DARWIN	,,	10
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON ...	,,	17
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW	,,	24
ANDREW MARVELL	May	1
ROBERT BROWNING	,,	8
THOMAS CARLYLE	,,	15
PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY ...	,,	22
CHARLES DICKENS	,,	29
JONATHAN SWIFT	June	5
WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY	,,	12
WILLIAM BLAKE...	,,	19
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CONTENTS.

	Page
Reviews:	
Courthope's "History of Poetry"	123
Rival Folklore Theories	124
Deceits of the Senses	125
The Dies Iræ	126
Spanish Protestants in the Sixteenth Century ...	127
The Young Idea	128
A History of Pembroke College, Oxford	128
Wild Flowers of Scotland	129
From Crowded Shelves	129
The Week:	
Chronicle of New Books	131
New Books Received...	131
Notes and News	132
Paris Letter	133
Tennyson as Dramatist	134
Some Letters of Swift	135
O Fons Bandusiæ	136
The Book Market	137
Science	137
Music	138
Correspondence	138
Book Reviews Reviewed	139
Fiction Supplement	49—52

REVIEWS.

COURTHOPE'S HISTORY OF POETRY.

A History of English Poetry. By W. J. Courthope. (Macmillan & Co.)

THE second volume of Prof. Courthope's *History of English Poetry*, let it be said at once, is very valuable. At the same time, a distinction may be made as to the nature of its value. Prof. Courthope has the professorial mind in an absolute degree; and his history is valuable in the peculiar qualities of the professorial mind. It is deficient in the qualities which are outside the professorial mind. In criticism he is for the most part sound and reliable, where he has a defined and traditional body of taste to guide himself by. At the same time, and by a necessary result of the academic habit, there is little original and illuminative about his criticism. Where precedent in judgment fails him, and he has to depend upon native insight, he is as liable to be wrong as right. In the main, the value of his *History* is historical (which may seem a truism, but is not), and its peculiar historical value is evolutionary. He has worked out, as no previous historian has done, the origins of various literary forces in different countries, and the differing ways in which their momentum has communicated itself to English literature, and been responsible for the various streams of tendency in that literature. In this respect we reckon his work most thorough and authoritative. If anything, he lays too much stress upon the evolutionary derivations of the various English writers, and groups of writers, from foreign literatures, and too little stress upon the original elements superadded by those writers, which make their work very different from, and often transcending, the work of the foreign writers from whom they derived their suggestions. We do not mean that he gives no notification of this; but that he gives too little proportionate importance to it. To pursue all the intricate ramifications of his evolutionary analysis in a review would be impossible. Let us take a single instance, which involves broad and general principles. We mean the evolution of the literary tongue in England from the vulgar tongue. He goes back to the *Cortegiano* (the *Courtier*) of the Italian Castiglione. There Castiglione, as the basis of an elegant style in writing, lays down the following principles:

"Whatever is allowable in writing ought also to be allowable in speaking, and the most beautiful kind of speech is that which resembles elegant writing. . . . I would accordingly recommend (the courtier) not only to avoid all old and obsolete Tuscan words, but both in writing and speaking to make use of such words as are in vogue in Tuscany and other parts of Italy to-day, and which have some grace and charm in themselves."

It will at once be perceived that this is the exploded Wordsworthian theory—with an important difference. Both would have the writer to use only the words of conversation. But whereas Wordsworth would have him to use the speech of "simple livers," Castiglione would have him to use elegant speech. Each, of course, was wrong; but each was a most excellent influence in his time. When it was a case of forming a language out of rude elements, nothing better could be recommended as a standard than the speech of the Court. When it was a question of putting fresh blood into a language over-refined, nothing better could be recommended than the speech of simple men. In literature two wrongs do sometimes make a right.

The adoption of the Court language in England did furnish a much-needed standard. It settled the main lines of the language. At the same time, that standard being once fixed, the influence of great writers such as Spenser, who revived archaisms, and Shakespeare, who introduced Latinisms, while he kept in the main to the vernacular formed by previous writers from the standard of the Court, prevented the language of poetry from being stereotyped by the diction prevalent in conversation. And, finally, the influence of Milton, who revived many of the archaisms which Spenser had previously revived from Chaucer and his contemporaries, while at the same time he introduced new Latinisms of his own, created for poetry its present omnigenous diction, distinct from that of prose, and enabling a poet to express with ease what prose can only express with difficulty. This is but a partial sample of the evolutionary process which Prof. Courthope's book enables the student to trace on every hand. In this particular instance he has not altogether traced it himself. He sees that literary language became fixed, as to its basis, by the prevalence of the living language of the Court as a standard. He does not perceive—or, at any rate, does not state—that the language of poetry, if not of prose, was built up by a process more intricate.

Once the staple of the tongue had been fixed by the adoption of the language actually spoken in that most refined and brilliant Court of Elizabeth, the great poets enriched and enlarged it by interweaving with that staple words adapted from the Latin, revived from earlier speech, or borrowed from the homely tongue of the people. The speech of the Court furnished the nucleus round which all these other elements crystallised. The first thing was to get a settled tissue. This was obtained by adopting the living diction used at Court. But once the earlier writers had supplied, by their practice, this accepted tissue, the way was open for Shakespeare (and, later, Milton) to embroider upon this tissue words of vulgar or Latin derivation, or even revived from archaic language. Shakespeare enriched the received tissue of the language by abundance of Latinisms and vulgarisms. Spenser added archaisms, but, owing to his too free use of them, they did not at the time find acceptance, or not to any material degree. The tongue was still too young, too much in process of formation; the experiment was premature. But Milton, succeeding to a poetic tongue by that time fairly settled (thanks to Shakespeare, whom Milton followed in his earlier work), was able to make a judicious selection from Spenser's archaisms, and—by means of his overpowering genius—add them to the recognised resources of poetic diction. Accordingly, most of Spenser's archaisms have become current poetic paper-money only where they were endorsed by Milton. Other and more modern poets, following Milton's example, have endorsed more and more of Spenser's at first unsuccessful archaisms; Shelley, for example, and Keats, and Coventry Patmore: till at last most of Spenser's daring revivals have passed into poetic currency, so far as they were worthy of such a fate. So has been built up that great body of poetic diction which makes England transcendently superior in poetic resource to all modern countries. France has gone but a little way from the starting-point of Castiglione. Its literary speech may indeed be richer than its conversational speech—no country has been insensate enough to adopt finally the dictum of Castiglione or Wordsworth, which would make literary speech one with the spoken speech of a given generation—but its poetic diction is one with its prose diction; the poet has no resource of language which is not shared by the prose-writer. Other nations diverge from France in this respect, till the climax is reached in England, which possesses an enormous range of poetic speech altogether denied to the prose-writer. The poet has a vocabulary which enables him to express all manner of things which the *prosateur* can either not express at all, or can express but feebly; while at the same time the whole range of the prose-writer is his to command. Hence, chiefly, it is that the English vocabulary perhaps transcends that of ancient Greece in tropical fertility.

This point illustrates one great merit of Prof. Courthope's work. He is uniformly fair. Even where his own conclusions are (to our mind) mistaken, he gives us, by his careful and representative citations, the means of deciding for ourselves on those conclusions; and arriving, if we please, at a different result. If the academic mind sometimes (we think) leads him astray in his judgments, he is singularly just in

adducing the grounds of his judgments, so that we may reverse his results if we like. This is the favourable (and a very favourable) side of the professorial method. We know no fairer and more judicial history of his subject. No one, we should think, will dispute his valuable analysis of the evolution of English poetry. And on a most enlightened principle, he sees that the evolution of poetry cannot be kept separate from the evolution of literature at large. Accordingly we have a thorough analysis of the the progress of prose as well as poetry. Indeed, but for Prof. Courthope's modesty, this might have been called a history of English literature.

On one point, chiefly, we have to find fault with the author. He does not shrink from entering into an analysis of the progress of English metre. And here his conclusions are vitiated by the professorial mind. Nothing is more subtle and less understood; and Prof. Courthope's ideas are such as no poet who had studied metre could accept. He follows, without an intrusion of doubt, the ordinary metrical principles of the grammarians (vitiated as they are by an attempt to conform the principles of English to those of classic metre), and his judgments are often mistaken in the extremest degree. But this is not the place to enter on a matter so intricate. We can only assure the student that he could not do better than accept the exact contrary of Prof. Courthope's conclusions on this point.

There are, of course, points in which we differ from the author. We cannot agree with his general high estimate of George Peele, though we are glad to see that he recognises the value of Peele's one really fanciful (and neglected) play, "The Arraignment of Paris." Still more, we disagree with his comparative disparagement of Greene. As a lyrist, Greene was worth three thousand Peeles. We could make this good were there space for it. Other such dubious points there are, but on the whole this is an invaluable book for the enlightened student. For the unenlightened student its value is much less. The value of it consists in the careful tracing of evolution in English poetry, and in the copious material Prof. Courthope affords the student for arriving at his own conclusions. No matter how strong his bias, he never garbles or abbreviates quotations in order to support his own view—a thing how rare; how very, very rare!

But if the student have no power of judging for himself, if he take Prof. Courthope's conclusions blindly, then he will remain fixed for life in some most grievous and damning errors with regard to poetry. Wherefore, the value of this book emphatically depends upon the reader. But yet it must, we think, endure—as a review of the development of English poetry. It supersedes anything previously in the field. And the learning, the labour, the accuracy, the painful fair-mindedness which have gone to the making of it only life-long students of English literature can estimate.

RIVAL FOLKLORE THEORIES.

Modern Mythology. By Andrew Lang. (Longmans.)

Few writers show at their best in controversy, and it is no disparagement of the brilliant champion of the natural explanation of popular myths to say that he has written more agreeable essays on this fascinating subject than the present work. Yet even here much of the unpleasantness inseparable from the polemical attitude is mitigated by the pointedly courteous tone everywhere maintained towards his formidable opponent, Prof. Max Müller, founder and now almost sole defender of the philological school of interpretation. The erudite Oxford sage has perhaps himself a dim feeling that he is but the leader of a forlorn hope—most anthropologists, and even many philologists, having long made up their minds as to the merits of the rival systems. Such, indeed, is the strength of Mr. Lang's position, that he would scarcely be justified in reopening the discussion had it not been revived in Mr. Max Müller's recently published *Contributions to the Science of Mythology*. He naturally feels aggrieved at the desultory character of the attack brought against him and his followers in that work, in which their views are nowhere distinctly formulated, their arguments nowhere clearly stated, and where disputed points are referred to in the vaguest manner. Hence, also, the necessarily rambling character of his reply, which has to follow the lines of attack:

"Throughout more than 800 pages," he complains, "the learned author keeps up an irregular fire at the ideas and methods of the anthropological school of mythologists. . . . Mr. Max Müller never comes to grips with his opponents, and his large volumes shine rather in erudition and style than in method and system. Anyone who attempts a reply must necessarily follow Mr. Max Müller up and down, collecting his scattered remarks on this or that point at issue. Hence my reply, much against my will, must seem desultory and rambling. But I have endeavoured to answer with some kind of method, and I even hope that this little book may be useful as a kind of supplement to Mr. Max Müller's, for it contains exact references to certain works of which he takes the reader's knowledge for granted" (*Introduction*).

All this will be readily conceded by those who have found Mr. Max Müller's big book, with all its learning and dazzling exposition, in many respects so unsatisfactory and inconclusive. Not even is there anywhere a precise statement of the general problem at issue, a problem which has its roots in the very principles on which both anthropology and philology have been almost contemporaneously established, and which have from the first imparted a distinctly antagonistic character to those somewhat recent branches of science. Speech-craft—the comparative method applied to language—if not founded, has certainly been far more widely cultivated, in Germany than elsewhere, and there largely under Hegelian influences. On the other hand, the natural history of man — physical man — as shown by the classical writings of Dr. Prichard, found an earlier and somewhat more congenial home in England; where its study has also been pursued in a broader spirit, less encumbered by metaphysical vagaries. Hence an initial divergence, resulting in two almost irreconcileable schools of thought—the philological and the anthropological. For the philologist language is an independent organism (Schleicher), inseparable from or even identical with reason, the existence of which is inconceivable without articulate speech (Max Müller), while radically distinct linguistic families argue radically distinct human groups independently evolved in different geographical areas (Fr. Müller). For the anthropologist language is a faculty entirely dependent on certain facial organs, with the gradual devolment of which articulate speech is gradually developed and perfected (Dr. Arthur Keith).

Bearing these contrasts in mind, we easily understand how inevitably have arisen two opposite methods—Max Müller's linguistic and Andrew Lang's naturalistic—of explaining the myths and other forms of folk-lore characteristic of every stage of human culture. A myth, says the former, is the outcome of phonetic decay, of language in a state of "disease," when the etymologies are blurred and forgotten, and fresh stories have to be invented to account for the new forms assumed by proper names in later times. Attention may here be incidentally called to a point generally overlooked and not touched upon by Mr. Lang himself, that is, the all but irresistible temptation inseparable from this process, to read our own elevated conceptions into the minds of rude primitive peoples. With this consideration alone is dimmed much of the glamour of the lofty notions which are so liberally credited to untutored savages in *Contributions to the Science of Mythology*.

The reaction came in due course from a system which obviously began at the wrong end, and which, for instance, was obliged to regard fetishism and polytheism generally as degraded forms of a pure monotheism, as if this sublimated residuum of all the religions were the natural endowment of palæolithic man! Although by no means the founder, Mr. Andrew Lang is rightly regarded by common consent as the most brilliant exponent of the opposite method, which goes to natural man, and not to phonetic decay, for an explanation of many of the otherwise inexplicable crudities in the mythologies of later and more cultured peoples. But so much confusion still prevails respecting the different attitudes of the two schools, that it will be best to put the main points at issue in our author's own words:

"The general problem is this: has language —especially language in a state of 'disease'— been the great source of the mythology of the world? Or does mythology, on the whole, represent the survival of an old stage of thought —not caused by language—from which civilised men have slowly emancipated themselves? Mr. Max Müller is of the former, anthropologists are of the latter, opinion. Both, of course, agree that the myths are a product of thought, of a kind of thought almost extinct in civilised races; but Mr. Max Müller holds that language caused that kind of thought. We, on the other hand, think that language only gave it one means of expressing itself" (*Introduction*).

By means of the principle of interpreta-

tion here laid down, Mr. Lang is not only able to meet the objections raised by philologists against his conclusions, but also to carry the war with great effect into the enemy's camp. The test is applied with signal success to several well-known classical myths, taken as typical examples, and it is shown that the charge of "scientific inaccuracy," among others, lies rather with Mr. Max Müller and his followers, whose linguistic equations between Greek and Hindu deities present such endless discrepancies that only Dyaus=Ζεύς has been generally accepted as beyond dispute. In the instructive chapter on the widespread institution of Totemism, Mr. Lang withdraws from his former position, or, rather, leaves it a moot question that a mouse-totem lay behind the story of Apollo Smintheus. He, however, rejects the linguistic explanations, adding with delightful irony:

"I make no doubt that philologists can explain Sminthian Apollo, the Dog-Apollo, and all the rest in the same way, and account for all the other peculiarities of place-names, myths, works of art, local badges, and so forth. . . . The Greek analogy to totemistic facts would be explained (1) either by asking for a definition of totemism, and not listening when it is given; or (2) by maintaining that savage totemism is also a result of a world-wide malady of language, which, in a hundred tongues, produced the same confusion of thought, and consequently the same practices and institutions. Nor do I for one moment doubt that the ingenuity of philologists could prove the name of every beast and plant in every language under heaven, to be a name for the 'inevitable dawn' (Max Müller), or for the inevitable thunder, or storm, or lightning (Kuhn-Schwartz). But, as names appear to yield storm, lightning, night, or dawn with equal ease and certainty, according as the scholar prefers dawn or storm, I confess that this demonstration would leave me sceptical. It lacks scientific exactitude" (p. 82).

Such a passage, taken almost at haphazard, will help to show how completely the philological ghost is laid in this work. But the book is not all controversy. In the concluding part, where he breaks new ground independently of polemical considerations, Mr. Lang reasserts himself, and the chapter on the "Fire-Walk," as he calls it, will come as a surprise even to many well-informed folklorists. A considerable mass of fresh evidence is brought forward from Malasia, Fiji, Bulgaria, and other lands, to show that the walking over red-hot ground, already recorded by the Ancients at Mount Soracte, would appear to be still practised with impunity in many parts of the world. Mr. Lang may, perhaps, himself be interested to know that this very legend of the Sabine tribe of Hirpini ("Wolves") is treated from quite a novel standpoint in the late Prof. von Ihering's *Evolution of the Aryan*, reviewed in a recent number of the Academy. That ingenious writer makes sad havoc of Mannhardt's "Korndämonen in wolf-shape," and indirectly of some of the "Corn-wolves" in Mr. Frazer's delightful book, *The Golden Bough*. As is his wont, he seeks an explanation of the wolf legend in certain incidents possibly associated with the pre-historic Aryan migrations, and "still surviving in the recollection of the people." A new factor or "disturbing element" is thus introduced to folklorists, who certainly cannot afford to overlook its significance in their interpretation of many popular "Aryan" myths.

The book is singularly free from misprints or errors of any kind. We notice, however, that the modern name of Soracte is given (p. 148) as *Monte di Silvestre* instead of *Monte S. Silvestro*, now better known as *Monte Sant' Oreste*; and "a local tribe" (p. 74) seems a somewhat inadequate description of the wide-spread Snake (Shoshone) nation, which includes about a dozen branches, each comprising scores of "tribes."

DECEITS OF THE SENSES.

"Contemporary Science Series."—*Hallucinations and Illusions.* By Edmund Parish. (Walter Scott.)

What are "hallucinations"? Dr. Gowers, following older authorities such as Esquirol and de Boismont, would define them as sensory images arising without sensory impressions, and therein differing both from "illusions" or false sensory images produced by actual sensory impressions, and from "delusions" or false ideas. But Mr. Parish will have none of these distinctions. According to him the word "hallucination" is wide enough to cover "all false sensory perceptions from whatever cause arising," and is, therefore, just as applicable to dreams and other normal phenomena as to those deceits of the senses which can be traced to disease or some other abnormal cause. It is evident that by thus enlarging the popular meaning of the phrase he opens the door to a variety of subjects not generally connected with it. Among these may be mentioned the fallacious perceptions of the insane and those produced by drugs or alcohol, by hypnotism, and by such means as crystal-gazing. On all these subjects does he dilate, always with learning and generally with lucidity.

The common element which Mr. Parish finds to characterise all hallucinatory states is the "dissociation of consciousness," by which he appears to mean that in all cases of hallucination the consciousness of the patient as to his surroundings is more or less obstructed or impeded. With this view, he sets to work to examine in detail the results of the international census of waking hallucinations recently set on foot by the Psychical Research Society, and he succeeds in finding some evidence of dissociation in them all. In the main he is probably right, but it must be confessed that the evidence which satisfies him would hardly seem conclusive to every one. In many cases, indeed, hardly any is required. The patients themselves suggest that they were in a state between sleeping and waking, or only infer that they were awake from some otherwise irrelevant circumstance. Here Mr. Parish is probably justified in assuming, as he says, "the presence of a dream state." But in others it is assumed on much less safe grounds. In one case, "a wife saw an apparition; the husband declared he could see nothing, but when the wife laid her hand on his shoulder, saying, 'George, do you really not see him?' the apparition speedily became visible to him too." In the story, as thus told, we confess we see nothing to indicate that the husband was not awake, and in full possession of all his faculties. But Mr. Parish finds in it evidence of "suggestion acting in a state of expectancy." In another case, a person absorbed in reading in a well-lighted room felt a touch on the shoulder, and, looking up, saw the apparition of a friend, who, unknown to the percipient, had been killed in a duel the day before. "This," says Mr. Parish, "appears to have been an illusory perception of the after-image of the brightly lighted paper of the book." Of course, it may have been. But in view of the fact that people read books every day in a bright light without seeing apparitions the hypothesis seems purely gratuitous.

Passing over Mr. Parish's account of the physiological theories of hallucination—very clear, and, on the whole, fair, but not very interesting, save to experts—we come to his description of the subjects, or, as he prefers to call it, the "content" of fallacious perception. Here Mr. Parish takes a line as decided as it is sensible. "The content of a fallacious perception depends primarily on the past experience of the individual. *Only what has passed in* (the italics are ours) *at the portals of sense can be reproduced.*" These are golden words, and it would be well could they be scored in the memory of all superstitious or hysterical persons who may be inclined either to see visions themselves or to sit at the feet of those who falsely or truly pretend to do so. In them we have a key to the extraordinary fact that no oracle, prophet, spiritualist medium, or other mystery-monger has ever advanced the knowledge of his consultants by one iota. Never in dreams, nor in hysterical vision, nor in hypnotic trance, has any one succeeded in foreseeing the future, for it is from the past impressions of the percipient that the images which cannot be associated with the present come. Once, as Mr. Parish reminds us, hallucinations were for the most part dramas in which the leading parts were played by witches and devils, because the memories of the hallucinated were choked with tales of witches and devils. Now we find the same class of persons appearing before police magistrates with stories that they are electrified or mesmerised, because they have had some first hand or hearsay acquaintance with the phenomena of electricity or mesmerism. But no hallucinated person in the Middle Ages ever thought that he was electrified, for such a phenomenon had no part in his previous experience. One fact recorded by Mr. Parish is conclusive as to this. Those completely blind from birth "have not even the ghost of an idea of light and darkness, and consequently have no visual hallucinations."

Equally instructive are his remarks as to the tricks played us by our memories with regard to reflex as opposed to spontaneous attention. How often do we not notice, and unconsciously remember, things which have yet not consciously impressed themselves on

our senses! Thus Mr. Parish describes a series of experiments conducted by a Roumanian professor, which go far to show that certain words and sounds may really produce sensations of colour in the hearer, and that, therefore, the talk of the æsthete as to "purple passages" and the like may not be mere jargon. Yet he argues—rightly, as we think—that these colour sensations are nothing but "hallucinations whose regular recurrence and fixed character point to an automatic association acquired very early in life." The treacherous character of our memory with regard to such association is well illustrated by an anecdote quoted from Binet of a student intent on a botany examination, who, while walking in Paris, suddenly saw to his astonishment the words "Verbascum thapsus" inscribed on the glass door of a restaurant. Turning back to look again, he found that the words had vanished, and that the simple inscription "Bouillon" had appeared in their place. But it was not till then that he remembered that the popular name for the plant in question was *bouillon blanc*.

That muscular motion, again, sometimes takes place unconsciously is known to all, yet the part which it plays in deceits of the senses has been hitherto almost unsuspected. Mr. Parish calls attention to the fact that in cases of vertigo the spinning movement of surrounding objects is due to the slight and rapid, but unconscious, movement of the patient's eyeballs. So, in the case of thinking aloud, a trick into which persons accustomed to solitude easily fall, the patient generally remains unconscious that he has given voice to his thoughts; and to this "automatic speech" Mr. Parish, in opposition to former observers, attributes most of the auditory hallucinations or mysterious "voices" so common to diseased minds.

> "Automatic writing, in which the hand writes, while the consciousness is unaware of the action, is another example of the same thing. Here, too, the motor impulses set the muscular apparatus in motion, while our upper consciousness knows nothing of the action except through the result, afterwards looked on with incredulity by the writer, who denies having written the words, and either thinks he has been made a fool of, or attributes the writing to spirits (mediumistic writing)."

As to telepathy, or thought transference, as a means of inducing hallucinations, Mr. Parish thinks there is no sufficient evidence for its existence. He goes carefully through the cases collected by the Psychical Research Society, points out the sources of error that they disclose, and sums up against their acceptance as proof of any new force. "We are still forced to say 'Non liquet'" is his last word on the matter.

Generally, it may be said that Mr. Parish has written a most interesting book. It will be valuable not only as a contribution to our knowledge of psychology, but also as a counterblast to many of the mystical and superstitious ideas which still obscure the subject. In its English dress it has received some additions to the German original, which appeared, if we mistake not, as a memoir presented to the Munich Society of Experimental Psychology some three years ago. Mr. Parish seems to have been his own translator, or to have written in the first instance in English, which is probably (as his name would suggest) his native tongue. It is a pity that he did not see his way to keep to his original title of *Ueber die Trugwahrnehmung*. Some modification of it, such as the heading of this notice, would form a better guide to the contents of the book than two words which, as used by the author, both mean exactly the same thing.

THE GREAT HYMN.

The Dies Iræ: On this Hymn and its English Versions. Part I., "The Hymn." By C. F. S. Warren, M.A. (Skeffington.)

No part of the Catholic liturgy has set a deeper mark upon a multitude of minds than the sequence from the Mass of Requiem. There is hardly to be found a collection of hymns used by any body of Christians which does not contain some more or less adequate version of it; and among those to whom by right it belongs it may be suspected that the priests and religious of both sexes who more or less directly trace to it their vocation might supply a diocese.

Its authorship is most generally attributed to one of the earliest of St. Francis' sons, Thomas of Celano, who was born at the close of the twelfth century; but the friar's claims have been at various times disputed in behalf of St. Gregory the Great, St. Bonaventure, and Thurston, Archbishop of York. A later writer is alone in suggesting Cardinal Frangipani. Besides the authentic text to be found in the Roman Missal, two principal variants are extant: these are the version preserved from a sepulchral slab in the Church of St. Francis at Mantua, and that discovered at Zurich among the papers of a priest, one Hammerlein, in the fifteenth century. The Mantuan Marble prefixes four stanzas to those of which the authorised version consists: they are sad doggerel. The six stanzas added by Hammerstein are better, but are not worth quoting. It may here be observed that the best hymnologists doubt the genuineness of the stanza of couplets ("Lacrymosa dies illa . . . Pie Jesu domine, Dona eis requiem") which concludes the Roman version.

English and American renderings number 135, of which the former class comprises seventy-two. Of these, twenty-nine are ascertained to be from Catholic pens, and thirty-four from Anglican; Dissent contributes five. The Church of England is represented by two bishops—of whom the late Archbishop of Canterbury was one—three deans, an archdeacon, and a couple of canons, besides the laymen and the inferior clergy. It is curious that Cardinal Newman, so far at least as appears, never adventured himself upon the attempt. Joshua Sylvester, who died in the early years of the sixteenth century, was the first to English the poem, following the Mantuan Marble. Crashaw, afterwards a canon of Loreto, wrote a version, which he intituled "In Meditation of the Day of Judgment." Patrick Carey's translation (1651) was the first attempt at a literal translation in which the original triplets are preserved. It was published with "Trivial Poems and Triolets," "at Mrs. Tomkin's command"; a lady of whom history relates nothing further. Samuel Speed, grandfather of the historian, sent forth a version from Ludgate Prison, in reparation for his *Fragmenta Carceris*—a series of poems of which even their author could not pretend to think that they tended to edification. In 1696 appeared the version diversely attributed to Lord Roscommon and to Dryden. Jeremy Taylor, moved by admiration of Evelyn's "Lucretius," besought him to attempt the task. Scott's rendering appeared in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel." By his unfamiliarity with theological Latin he was handicapped in his attempt; but in spite of his inaccuracies, his stanzas won their way into sacred anthologies and hymn books down to *Ancient and Modern*. "The watchers about his death-bed," Lockhart writes, "very often heard distinctly the cadence of the *Dies Iræ*." Among later translators are Canon Bright, Dean Stanley, Archbishop Benson, Dr. F. G. Lee, and, of course, Dr. Irons, through whose version the public has its principal acquaintance with the poem.

In form, it will be remembered, the poem is a series of triplets of eight-syllable lines, the ictus trochaic, and the rhymes double. It seems now to be admitted that, in order to reproduce the simple stateliness of the original, the triplet—"the threefold blow of the hammer on the anvil"—must be preserved; the trochaic rhythm is almost by consent changed into iambic movement; rests the question of the double rhyme. The English language furnishes a large number of double rhymes, it is true, but they are of few types. Thus in Chandler's, the first attempt to reproduce the double rhyme, of the seventeen triplets nine are rhymed with participles and three with other parts of verbs; in Dr. Irons's rendering the numbers are seven and four; in an American version, by a Mr.. Heisler, as many as fourteen stanzas end in "-ing." The two-word rhyme appears in a few versions, not always happily. Take these two lines by Dr. Crookes, of Philadelphia:

> "Then the scroll shall be unfolded
> Wherein's written what each soul did,"

—which, as a rendering of

> "Liber scriptus proferetur,
> In quo totum continetur,
> Unde mundus judicetur,"

leaves something to be desired. Mr. Justice O'Hagan's desperate attempt to rhyme *regions* with *obedience* is eloquent of the difficulties which wait upon the attempt.

The present author has taken the stanzas one by one, and from the multitude of versions before him has selected the most typical, pointing out, with excellent judgment for the most part, their differentiating qualities. Finally, the method of rendering the crucial words is numerically classified. The fourth stanza is difficult:

> "Mors stupebit et natura,
> Cum resurget creatura,
> Judicanti responsura."

Here the first line gives the impression of a complete change of order, the cessation of the former course of things. This is perhaps complicated by a reference to the

Apocalyptic announcement of Death and Hell cast into the lake of fire. So thought Crashaw, and wrote:

"Horror of Nature, Hell, and Death!"

and Dr. Coles, who substitutes Hell for Nature. Father Caswell has "Death and Time"; Archbishop Benson, "Earth and Death"; and Mr. W. H. Robinson daringly writes "Death and Life." This is his stanza:

"Death and Life astonished view
Every creature rise anew,
Rise to meet the judgment true."

"Stupebit," again, is not easy: "stand at gaze" is well used by the old Rosarists. Dean Stanley finely writes:

"Nature then shall stand aghast
Death himself be overcast."

Finally "creatura" is the occasion of many differences. It variously appears as "creation," "creatures," "the pale offender" (Lord Roscommon), and "the buried ages" (Father Caswall).

The difficulty of finding double rhymes is curiously exemplified in an American version of the next stanza ("Liber scriptus proferetur. . . .," quoted above):

"Forth is brought the record solemn;
See o'erwrit in each dread column
With men's deeds the Doomsday volume."

Canon Bright's version is good:

"Lo, the book before Him laid,
Wherein all things are displayed,
Whence the judgment must be made."

A tendency to diffuseness, most alien from the gravity of the original, manifests itself in Mr. Abrahall's garrulous lines, quoted with approval by Mr. Warren:

"Opened, lo, that book whose pages
Bear the record of the ages,
Precepts trampled, warnings slighted,
Love with thanklessness requited;
For whate'er stands there recorded
Recompense is now awarded."

"Patronum" in the verse—

"Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus?"

has proved a crux. The word in legal terminology signifies "advocate," "counsel"; renderings, therefore, which imply, as Dr. Irons implies, the idea of intercession or mediation must be set aside as wanting in accuracy. Of the few who express the correct idea is Drummond of Hawthornden in the crab-like verse:

"O, who then pity shall poor me,
Or who mine advocate shall be,
When scarce the righteous pass shall free?"

and perhaps Mr. Wallace in the verse:

"What shall be my pleading tearful,
Where shall I get counsel cheerful,
When the just almost are fearful?"

if we may suppose "counsel," in line 2, to appear bewigged.

Hastening on to the final stanza, we have space only for the pleasant rendering of Mr. Epes-Sargent, an American barrister:

"When, that day of tears impending,
From his ashes man ascending
At Thy bar shall be attendant,
Spare him, God, spare the defendant";

with which Mr. Warren humorously compares Dr. Coles's:

"When I enter death's dark portal
Feebly beats the pulse aortal."

Among the innumerable attempts to translate into the Anglo-Saxon tongue this mediæval meditation are to be read many fine lines, but it would seem as though the fine poem were still to seek. The force of the original is too often lost by diffuseness and periphrasis, its simplicity hidden beneath superfluous ornament, its hammering objectivity watered down, particularly in the modern and Protestant versions, into invertebrate sentiment. But Mr. Warren's pains have resulted in a very creditable treatise, which it has been a pleasure to read.

A BYWAY OF HISTORY.

Spanish Protestants in the Sixteenth Century. Compiled from the German of C. A. Wilkens, Doctor of Theology and Philosophy, by Rachel Challice. (Heinemann.)

HITHERTO there has existed in the English language no adequate account of the abortive Protestant movement in Spain in the sixteenth century. The present work will, to some extent, supply this want; but unfortunately not so completely as might have been the case. The German original appeared in 1888, and it was apparently not long afterwards that the translator undertook the task of rendering the book into English.

"Seeing that the subject was little known in England, and that the material was chiefly drawn from Spanish, Italian, and German writers, it seemed a pity that it should be a closed book to those interested in Protestantism who are not conversant with the German language."

This being so we are rather surprised to learn that we have not the whole of Dr. Wilkens's work in the present translation.

"Unfortunately, when completed, the book was considered too ponderous for general readers, so the original translation, although still intact, has never been published. The interest now awakened in the subject of Spanish Protestantism by the present Church Reform movement in the Peninsula made me feel that the valuable information contained in Dr. Wilkens's work was a light hidden under a bushel, so I have, with the author's consent, reduced the translation of the book to half its original size, and compiled it in a form more adapted to the general reader."

All historical students will deeply regret that this course has been adopted. Seeing that the present volume contains less than two hundred by no means closely-printed pages, a book of twice the length can hardly be described as "ponderous"; and it is difficult to believe that any reader really interested in the subject would not have been glad to possess the work in full.

In its present shape it certainly displays, in parts, an incoherence and want of connexion which seriously detract from its value; but this defect would, no doubt, be made less manifest if we had the whole of the original before us.

We are left, in fact, with a series of interesting but isolated biographical sketches of the leaders of Spanish Protestantism, while the history of the movement as a whole, which Dr. Wilkens's work, from its original title, may be presumed to have contained, is somewhat difficult to gather from the present abridgment.

At no time could Spain be said to present a promising field for the dissemination of Protestant ideas.

"Of all the kingdoms of the empire, Spain appeared the most secure from the invasion of Lutheran thought. The history of the country, the character of the people, the influence of the priests, the clerical power of the Crown, and the vigilance of the Inquisition, all seemed impregnable bulwarks of Catholicism."

Nevertheless, as early as 1521 the authorities found it necessary to take precautions against the introduction of Protestant books, and

"two great casks of Lutheran literature, bound for Valencia in a Flemish vessel, were discovered and publicly burnt in the market-place of San Sebastian. But what was forbidden to Spaniards at home could not be kept from those who resorted to the universities of France and Germany."

Many of these students became imbued with the reforming views which were in the air. The story of one of these, Juan Diaz, as told by Dr. Wilkens, presents many romantic features, but is too long for detailed quotation. He was, finally, treacherously assassinated in Germany by his own brother, who was a priest.

Another exile, Franciso de Enzinas, was the author of the first Spanish translation of the New Testament.

Gradually the new views began to find adherents in Spain itself, in spite of all the vigilance of both civil and ecclesiastical authorities. We are rather surprised to find that some of the Reformers went considerable lengths in the Protestant direction without formally withdrawing from the Church. The most remarkable of these cases is that of Constantino Ponre de la Fuente, who was a priest and a preacher in the Cathedral of Seville. It is astonishing to find that for many years he was able to publish a series of theological writings in which he was entirely silent about all the distinctive Catholic doctrines, and in some of which the Protestant drift of his opinions was manifest; and yet he was "offered the dignity of Doctor of Divinity at Malaga" by Philip II. himself! He fell at last into the hands of the Inquisition and died in a dungeon, but his long impunity is very remarkable. It was apparently about the middle of the sixteenth century that an organised Protestant congregation was formed in the city of Valladolid. The leader of the movement was Augustin Cazalla, who had been a Court preacher, and whose family were rich and influential. His brother Pedro also became a convert to the Lutheran doctrines, and the members of several noble families joined the society, which met in the mansion of the Cazalla family. For some time they managed to escape detection, but discovery was bound to come sooner or later. The news reached Charles V. in his retirement at Yuste shortly before his death, and aroused all

the bigotry which had now completely dominated his mind.

"He saw danger ahead. 'He who hesitates is lost,' was the burden of his letters to the Regent, to Philip, and the Grand Inquisitor. . . . He now, therefore, called upon them to act in that prompt and severe manner which befitted the gravity of such an offence against the Church as well as the State."

Charles did not live to witness the accomplishment of his wishes, but they were effectually carried out under his successor.

Two *autos-da-fé* on a wholesale scale—the first on May 20, 1559, and the second on October 8 in the same year—extinguished Protestantism in Valladolid. They were followed by similar holocausts in Seville and other cities, which "proved the final deathblows to Spanish Protestantism in the sixteenth century."

THE YOUNG IDEA.

Children's Ways. By James Sully, M.A., LL.D. (Longmans & Co.)

In 1895 appeared Prof. Sully's *Studies of Childhood*. Since then, the child has become more and more recognised as a fit subject for examination, the result of inquiries being no longer interesting only to psychologists, but to the reading public generally. Recognising this fact, Prof. Sully has extracted from his large volume a smaller one of less than half its size, written in popular language and enriched by new matter; so that it is now possible, by the light of *Children's Ways*, for every parent of intelligence to observe for himself the growth of mind in his own family. Prof. Sully comes with his highly trained intellect to the help of the ordinarily observant father, and placing before him such phenomena of child life as is within the scope of everyone to collect he stimulates his eye. Yet the book before us is less scientific than human. Prof. Sully can point to his large volume as a solid contribution to psychology: in this little off-shoot, or child, of that work he is more untrammelled, more amusing and amused, more sympathetic. The professor gives way to the father, yet without a total forgetfulness of his profession. "I hope," he says in the preface, "that the result may succeed in recommending what has long been to myself one of the most delightful of subjects to many who would not be disposed to read a larger and more difficult work, and to draw on a few of these, at least, to a closer and more serious inspection of it." There may be danger in the unskilful study of children, but we can confidently affirm that all fathers and mothers that are interested in Prof. Sully's pages will afterwards be increasingly interested in their family.

Prof. Sully's observations, and the observations of those to whom he has gone for assistance, cover the ground very thoroughly, although there is not a mother in the United Kingdom who could not (of course) offer him better examples than any that are used. For the purpose of those who wish to be reminded of what it was like to be a child, the book is admirable. Here in sequence are the joys and fears, disappointments and triumphs, rebellions and doubts, honesties and deceptions, which go to make up the child's round. Prof. Sully passes all in review. The chief impression left is the delightful and irrecapturable oddity of the childish mind. Every step we take from infancy brings us nearer to prosaic commonplaceness. The dullest man or woman might, as a child, have said exquisitely audacious things—little gleaming fragments of unconscious poetry, daring and quite unanswerable heresies. Alas, the child is not the father of the man intellectually, or the world would be filled with poetry and humour. Many children have, at one time or another, expressed dissatisfaction with a scheme of Providence which did not arrange a perpetual kitten; similarly there are adults who have now and then wished that a perpetual child might fall to their lot. Compared with children, men and women are so burnt-out. It is mainly Prof. Sully's store of anecdotes and instances that lead us to the foregoing reflections. He has chosen well, and his pages are a little treasure-house of good things. Many appeared in the *Studies of Childhood*, but some are new, and all are fitting and well found. One or two fill us with increasing wonder at the childish mind. Thus: "A mother once remarked to her boy, between five and six years old, 'Why, R——, I believe you are kinder to the animals than you are to me.' 'Perhaps I am,' he replied; 'you see they are not so well off as you are.'" Again: "A little boy had been quarrelling with his sister Muriel just before going to bed. On kneeling down to say his prayers, and noticing that Muriel was sitting near and listening, he prayed aloud in this wise: 'Please, God, make Muriel a good girl,' then looked up and said in an angry voice, 'Do you hear that, Muriel?' and after this digression resumed his petition." Another child, a little girl whose grandfather had just died, prayed that God would mind and shut the door, because grandpapa "can't stand the draughts." We like, too, the little girl, aged three and a quarter, who asked her mother, "Please, mamma, will you pin this with the greatest pleasure?" But Prof. Sully's best discovery is the boy of eight, who put it to a "distinguished biologist": "Mr. ——, Mr. ——, if God wanted me to be good, and I wouldn't be good, who would win?" A biologist would need to be very distinguished to extricate himself gracefully from this corner. Posers are indeed so common in the nursery that a book of suitable replies or fences might well be compiled. This question, for example, occurs to most children, and has never yet been answered: "Father, why don't God kill the devil? and then there would be no wickedness in the world."

But. Prof. Sully is content merely to record and classify, he does not advise. This, we think, is a pity. The book would be many times increased in value if it were made of real use to parents in the extremely difficult and perilous task of bringing up their children. The close attention which Prof. Sully has given to the subject must have fitted him to offer very many hints which fathers and mothers would be glad to have. We regret that he has not done so.

PEMBROKE.

A History of Pembroke College, Oxford. By Douglas Macleane, M.A. (Oxford Historical Society.)

This latest publication of the Oxford Historical Society adds a third to the valuable series of college monographs begun by Mr. Brodrick's *Memorials of Merton College* and Prof. Fowler's *History of C.C.C.* Such works of mingled piety and antiquarian enthusiasm cannot be too highly commended; they provide quarries of material for the history of the University which Mr. Clark, or Mr. Rashdall, or somebody will undertake in the future. It need hardly be said that Pembroke does not bear quite the transcendent importance of either of its two predecessors in the series. It has not, like Merton, the prestige of the prerogative college, nor is it, like Corpus, the monument and record of a great age of spiritual and intellectual awakening. As Pembroke, indeed, it dates only from 1624, in which year the Charter of Foundation was given by James the First, and the necessary endowment supplied by the gift of two gentlemen *quos honoris causa nomino*—Mr. Thomas Tesdale, of Ludwell Manor, and the Rev. Richard Wightwick, of East Ilsley.

The name of the college was taken from the Chancellor of the day, William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, the same whom Mr. Sidney Lee will not have to be the "W. H." of Shakespeare's Sonnets. But the munificence of Tesdale and Wightwick and the less costly patronage of King and Chancellor really did little more than give a new status to a house of education already of long standing. Both before and after the Reformation, Broadgates Hall had been a famous place of resort for law students, and Mr. Macleane has wisely included this earlier phase of the institution within the scope of his history. One may, perhaps, put down to the position of Broadgates as a "feeder" to the Inns of Court the somewhat remarkable number of men of letters which the Hall and its successor, the College, produced during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Strictly academic studies are chiefly represented on Mr. Macleane's bead-roll by William Camden, *historicus ille plane immortalis*, afterwards headmaster of Westminster College and pedagogue to Ben Jonson. But poets and wits appear in far greater profusion. John Heywood, epigrammatist and writer of interludes; Sir Edward Dyer, idyllist and Rosicrucian; Sir Fulke Greville, the friend of Sidney; the dramatists George Peele and Francis Beaumont; that extremely pleasant divine, Richard Corbet, Bishop of Oxford and of Norwich—all these, and others of less note, find their due and ample commemoration in the pages of the volume before us.

Of course it was in the eighteenth century that Pembroke reached the height of its fame. Doctor Johnson was perhaps the greatest, and certainly by far the noisiest man of letters of his age, and Doctor Johnson shed upon Pembroke a lustre in whose glory the College still lives. His rooms are pointed out to the gaping freshman, and

his tea-pot and his cider-mug adorn the common-room. Johnson paid many visits to his old college in later years, as the reader of Boswell is aware, and here he gallanted Miss Hannah More around the buildings, and talked Gargantuan philosophy with the precocious and whimsical Henderson. "Madam," he said, "we were a nest of singing-birds"; though, indeed, of that brood, besides Johnson himself, only Shenstone remains known to fame; nor does the lyric suggestion which the metaphor calls up appear in modern ears precisely an appropriate one for the sonorous verse of the great lexicographer.

Mr. Macleane has performed his task with thoroughness and zeal, and has added to his main narrative numerous and interesting biographical sketches of the principal persons whom he has had occasion to mention. His account of the early buildings and topography of Broadgates is remarkably full and learned, but rather bewildering without the assistance of maps and plans more elaborate than those he has furnished. The immense mass of details with which he has had to deal makes verbal errors almost inevitable. Palsgrave's *Acolatus*, on p. 97, should be *Acolastus*, and Lord Brooke's *Caelia*, on p. 101, should be *Caelica*. But Mr. Macleane has deserved well of his college and of historical students in general by the happy accomplishment of a difficult and laborious undertaking.

SCOTLAND'S CARPET.

Wild Flowers of Scotland. By J. H. Crawford. (Macqueen.)

Mr. Crawford has lit upon a good subject, but has done it scant justice. If the author were not disposed to treat his subject in a strictly scientific manner, at least an orderly account of it might have been expected. Here the flowers of spring and summer are first described, then the author passes to those of the cornfields, woodlands, and mountain-tops, and finally descends to the southern uplands of the Borders. His style is as irritating as his arrangement. He bids us accompany him on his walks, and instead of soberly gathering what he discovers, he runs in front, to speak metaphorically, rushes at some flower and gushes over it like a girl. Thus he has produced an egotistical gossipy book, not without some repetition here and there. It was natural that being a Scotchman he should expatiate on "the gowan," but it is possible that his readers should weary even of gowans. Who is the better for the following fine writing on the botanical name of the wood anemone?

"The wood is still. The woodland storm no more troubles the sheltered glades where the anemones dwell than the lash of waves reaches the depths of ocean. Far overhead the wind bends the topmost branches and sings a spiritualised version of the ruder song of the sea. Those who find it growing in the wilds may call it anemone, and those who come across the self-same plant in the woods may call it nemorosa; and both will then be satisfied."

Certain places in Scotland boast that they speak English better than those whose mother-tongue it is. Perhaps they may admire another specimen of the author's style:

"The dry slope of woodland bank is inviting. One can drink in the exceeding loveliness of such surroundings better when he is lying down. The shadows over the current and up the far bank fall so pleasantly across the spirit. Only in so far as there are spirit shadows can we see their beauty. No tracery in Nature is more delicate than that above, except that shadow tracery of twigs and bursting buds below. One can scarcely help being beautiful in soul while he lies here. He is only reflecting."

Such mawkish reflections would have led Dr. Johnson at once to place Mr. Crawford among the "thousand other old women and fanatic writers of memoirs and meditations." The reader resents, when he wishes for botanical lore, being entertained with discursive sentiments of this kind.

It would be wrong, however, to dismiss Mr. Crawford without a word or two of commendation. His remarks on garden-escapes remind lovers of flowers of what they must have often noticed on the banks of rivers. He dwells upon the flowers which Queen Mary is supposed to have planted at Craigmillar Castle, and of those introduced by the monks at Balmerino. The plants of Caithness, too, are well described. Thanks to the sandstone formation they match, to a certain extent, with those of Orkney. He does not, however, allude to Dick's discovery of *hierochloe borealis*. Nor does he dwell upon the mildness of climate in North-West Sutherlandshire, thanks to the Gulf Stream.

As there is no chalk in Scotland, a large class of plants is absent. Thus it boasts no convolvulus, traveller's joy, or bryony. In the West of England the "horse gowan" is called by a much prettier name, the "moon daisy." "Poppies do not mass," adds Mr. Crawford, "like marguerites." In Devon we have seen many a corn-field which was a veritable Aceldama with them. There is a good deal of observation in the author's remarks on "links" (such as those at St. Andrews), and sand dunes, such as those which St. John describes so pleasantly, on the Moray Firth.

Best of all, perhaps, because any account of them delights a botanist, are Mr. Crawford's pages on the Alpine plants of Scotland. He who would see these plants must be prepared to climb and to rough it on Lochnagar and Ben Lawers, Caenlochan and Glen Doile, which are the Perthshire, Aberdeen, and Forfar regions for their growth. The author enters enthusiastically into the delights of gathering and cherishing these Arctic wildings. And he wisely is very indefinite in naming localities, for commerce has long been on their trail. Plant-sellers and gamekeepers know their value, and too often tear them up to sell them into a precarious existence on lower ground. Everyone must agree with Mr. Crawford that the owners of these mountain peaks ought religiously to protect these interesting wild plants. The Swiss are beforehand with us in legislation of this kind, as seen in the case of Edelweiss. Specimens ought not to be grudged to botanists, but wholesale abstraction from this Arctic flora should be sharply repressed. To lose a station for one of these singular relics of a forgotten vegetation is to take away just so much from the attractions of Scotland.

FROM CROWDED SHELVES.

The Foreigner in the Farmyard. By Ernest Edwin Williams. (Heinemann.)

Mr. Williams has marshalled some startling figures, and successfully brings home to the mind of even the most careless reader a sense of the rapidity with which the produce of our English harvests is being displaced by that garnered from foreign fields. When, however, he begins to draw inferences from his statistics, and to suggest remedies, he is less satisfying. His whole book is a plea for a protection, but he is well aware that the British public is not likely to submit to a bread-tax merely to enable landlords to raise their rents. To meet this difficulty Mr. Williams would establish Land Courts to fix rents judicially, and thus enable the tenant-farmer to secure for himself the full benefit of the higher prices which Protection would bring. The tenant-farmers have more votes than their landlords, but not for the *beaux yeux* of the gallant yeomen is the vaster British public going to vote for a dear loaf. In this time of depression it is somewhat comic to hear Mr. Williams talking of the power of the landlords "to fix rents as they please."

Our author remarks that "the foreign competitor is not burdened with tithe." This is as true as it is irrelevant. Suppose a farm is let at 20s. an acre, and that the tithe is 2s. an acre, how would the abolition of the tithe help the farmer in his competition with the foreigner? The landlord would be two shillings in pocket, and that would be the only result. Mr. Williams is apparently under the impression that if the tithe were remitted the farmer would benefit, but on what grounds it is impossible to conjecture. Even he would hardly propose to confiscate the property of the parsons or the lay impropriators simply to make a present of it to the farmers. To rob the ancient owners of the tithe would be bad enough, but it would be simply grotesque to use the confiscated tithe as a gratuitous endowment for such a comparatively nomad class as are ordinary agricultural tenants. Again, in dealing with the land-tax, our author evades the obvious difficulty. He points to the anomaly and the inequalities of the tax, and strongly urges that the Government should sweep it away. The difficulty he fails to meet is this—that many landlords have made sacrifices in order to redeem the tax and clear their estates. Are these men to get nothing while their less careful neighbours are set free at the public expense? The apparent injustice of such a proposal has hitherto been fatal to every proposal for change, and it is worse than useless to ignore it.

The Old Ludgings of Stirling. By J. S. Fleming, F.S.A. (Scot.). (Eneas Mackay.)

This well-printed and sufficiently well-illustrated quarto is intended to form a record of such of the old residences of nobility, clergy, and civic officers in Stirling as have not yet been described. Mr. Fleming's gleaning is a heavy one. He has found about twenty old houses and taverns that were worthy of the double attention of his pen, for Mr. Fleming illustrates his book himself. His has been no hurried piece of book-making, nor is it, on the other hand, very elaborate. He does not discuss architectural technique, but is content to carefully draw a house, and tell us what he has been able to find out about its internal arrangements and its tenants. Some of the houses he describes have disappeared since 1850, when he first began to fill his sketch-book and note-book—a vindication of the usefulness of his work. Most, however, still stand, and alike collectively and individually they are of considerable interest to students of Scottish history. They show, for instance, the limited area of old Stirling. "We find no remains of buildings," says Mr. Fleming, "bearing marks of an earlier period than the eighteenth century, outside the limits, comprehending an area including Broad-street, St. John-street, Spittal-street, and Baker-street to the Infirmary, St. Mary's Wynd to the King's Stables, with an exception to be hereinafter noted." Throughout most of the sixteenth century Stirling was the abode of the Regents. Lennox, Mar, Morton, and Moray all lived here, with their train of church dignitaries and commissioners. A "crow-stepped" gabled house, still seen on the north side of Broad-street, was the lodging in 1529 of James Kirk, Commissioner to the Earl of Argyll, and afterwards of William Graham of Panholes. The town clerks of Stirling necessarily had their comfortable "ludgings." Town clerk Norie lived in a Dutch-looking house in Broad-street, for the domestic architecture of Stirling took many a hint from Holland, with which country the town had a direct communication by water. Norie built his "ludging" in 1671, and we learn that he was a discreet man. He ought to have been; he inscribed no less than three mottoes on his outer walls: on the first flat you may read (in Latin): "Wisdom is the tree of life" and "A good conscience is a brazen wall"; and against the second flat, "Glory to God alone." The "ludgings" of Provost Stevenson, Forrester of Logie, Moir of Leckie, Bailie Beauchop, James Bowie, and other Stirling worthies of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, are passed in review by Mr. Fleming, who writes careful matter-of-fact accounts of each that leave nothing to be desired except, perhaps, a gleam or two of humour, such as the subject would seem to promise. The book well deserves its strong list of local subscribers; but it stands not the less securely on its merits. Apropos of Mr. Fleming's evasion of architectural details, we note that the same publishers announce an architectural and more expensive work on "Old Stirling" by Mr. John W. Small.

New Zealand Rulers and Statesmen. From 1840 to 1897. By William Gisborne. (Sampson Low.)

This new and greatly expanded edition of Mr. Gisborne's work will rank as a careful, authoritative history of New Zealand under British influence and rule. Many Englishmen, we imagine, entirely overlook the fact that this history dates only from 1839, when the action of the New Zealand Company in sending Colonel Wakefield to purchase land from the natives, and found a settlement, provoked the Colonial Office into recognising the possibilities of these long lovely islands of the Antipodes. Captain Hobson was sent out as consul, and the drama of half a century began. The problems which have beset the governors and British representatives in New Zealand in lessening urgency since 1840 have been, as Mr. Gisborne reminds us, many and knotty. It is a little appalling to think that the Treaty of Waitangi, on which British authority in New Zealand may be said to rest, is not even a name to the average Englishman, and that "the mutual relations of the Crown, the natives, and the colonists" have been things little heeded in England. But England has supplied the men who settled these matters on the best and surest foundation; and we may always console ourselves with the faith that in time of emergency England's appreciation of the conditions of life in her remotest colony will be as acute as it will be sudden. Mr. Gisborne's book takes the only possible form of a series of biographical sketches of the administrators of New Zealand, and a feature of the book is the number and excellence of its portraits. One figure in the procession has a home literary interest. Mr. Alfred Domett, who was for thirty years a New Zealand politician and administrator, is still remembered by a few as a poet of some pretensions. Mr. Gisborne justly describes his epic poem "Ranolf and Amohia" as "a comprehensive and accurate record of natural history, of scenery, and of aboriginal life in New Zealand . . . clothed in facile verse." Browning and Tennyson each praised the poem. With Browning Mr. Domett enjoyed a close friendship, and the query—

> "What's become of Waring
> Since he gave us all the slip?"

was prompted by Domett's sudden departure to New Zealand in 1842.

* * *

The Young Pianist. Part I. By Helen Hogg Kelly.

As there are so many pianoforte tutors or instruction books the authoress in her brief introductory remarks explains the appearance of yet another. She looks upon the simplest tutor as "beyond the comprehension of beginners." Good teachers, of course, well understand the necessity of giving certain explanations in addition to those contained in any instruction book. As, however, all teachers are not properly qualified, it is well that some one, like Miss Kelly, who has evidently had experience, should show how to make the study of music easy and attractive. The description and use of both treble and bass staves from the outset are excellent; the study of the names of the notes becomes much simpler. Whether the practising of the scale before five-finger exercises is altogether wise seems certainly open to question. *The Young Pianist*, or rather the first part, will prove of good service. The work is published by J. Heywood, of London, Manchester, &c.

* * *

The Age of Milton. By the Rev. J. Howard B. Masterman, M.A. (Bell.)

Prof. Hales has not been very successful in mapping out the series of little handbooks of which this forms a part. *The Age of Milton* is a peculiarly meaningless title. It does not suggest the chronological scope of the book, for, as a matter of fact, Milton's more important work, though treated here, falls properly within the *Age of Dryden*, which forms the subject of a companion volume. Nor is Milton the true centre from which to view the history of Caroline literature, because, though in it, he was hardly of it. "His soul was like a star and dwelt apart," so that his age does not naturally fall under him, as, for instance, in Prof. Herford's admirable little sketch, the *Age of Wordsworth* falls naturally under Wordsworth himself. Much the same is true of Shakespeare, and if Prof. Hales wanted his successive volumes to coincide with successive waves of literary tendency, he would have done better to replace the *Age of Shakespeare* and the *Age of Milton* by the *Age of Spenser* and the *Age of Donne*. Shakespeare and Milton, as outside and above their ages, might really have had volumes to themselves. It is, perhaps, to this unfortunate demarcation of the subject that Mr. Masterman's failure to put any real unity into his book must be attributed. A third of it consists of an account of Milton, which adds nothing to what has been said fifty times before; the rest is made up of brief notices of contemporary writers, which are always jejune and not always correct. The two pages on Henry Vaughan contain at least as many errors of fact. And of bringing out general principles or pointing the student to the trend of things there is very little attempt. We doubt whether such handbooks, distinguished neither by freshness of design nor especial felicity of treatment, really serve any useful purpose, and they seem to multiply like mushrooms. The volume was originally undertaken by Mr. J. Bass Mullinger, who contributes an introduction and a few other pages.

* * *

The Letters of Cicero to Atticus. Book I. Edited by Alfred Pretor. (George Bell & Sons.)

Every scholar will welcome the third edition of this excellent little book. Mr. Pretor has added to it an appendix, in which he deals in masterly fashion with the later criticisms of his text, and particularly with those points on which he differs with Prof. Tyrrell. We are glad to see that he has not imitated Mr. Jeans in rendering Cicero's Greek phrases into French—a course which, to our mind, can only be excused by the theory that Cicero's Greek was used as ineptly and as awkwardly as the French of a female novelist.

THE ACADEMY

FICTION SUPPLEMENT.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1897.

NEW NOVELS.

The Christian. By Hall Caine. (W. Heinemann.)

To be quite honest I must confess that my literary conscience is pricking me. It hints that I had no right to enjoy the reading of this book so much as I did. For now that I have laid it down and thought about it calmly for a day I find myself in the mental attitude of the man who reflects at breakfast over last night's melodrama. I perceive that the story which excited me had not the inevitable flow of life, but was stuck together, deftly enough, by a master of effects. I perceive that the dozens of characters which form the "cast" of *The Christian* cross each other's paths as continually and as conveniently as though London were no bigger than the Adelphi stage. In short, I am conscious of having been cheated of my sighs by a story that has no more reality than the annual autumn production at Drury Lane. Yet why should I grumble? I have sighed and laughed, and if I had had tears to shed I believe I should have shed them. And after all, why should we despise a good melodrama? Many of us would be happy enough to live in a world of which Mr. George R. Sims was the creator.

The plot of the book is the old one, which is never stale; the antagonism between love and duty, the flesh and the spirit, the lower and the higher life. I am afraid, judging from the title, that Mr. Hall Caine meant John Storm—the Christian—to be the central character of the book. Unfortunately, Storm is merely a foolish fanatic, a stage apostle, without a pennyweight of brains behind his blazing eyes. But Storm interfered only occasionally with my enjoyment; for Glory Quayle, with whom Storm is unwillingly in love, is alone worth the money. Storm comes from the Isle of Man to be a curate in a West End parish, full of enthusiasm for self-sacrifice. Glory comes from the same place to be a hospital nurse. She writes thus of herself in one of her letters home—they are really delightful letters, the letters of a living woman:

"Talk about two natures in one, I've got two hundred and fifty, and they all want to do different things! Ah me! the 'ould Book' says that woman was taken out of the rib of a man, and I feel sometimes as if I want to get back to my old quarters."

John Storm is soon disgusted with his fashionable vicar, who showed a want of charity towards a hospital nurse who had got into trouble with a gentleman. There was a tempestuous scene:

"His eyes were wild, his voice was hoarse; he was like a man breaking the bonds of a tyrannical slavery.

'You called that poor child a prostitute because she had wasted the good gifts which God had given her. But God has given good gifts to you also—gifts of intellect and eloquence with which you might have raised the fallen and supported the weak, and defended the down-trodden and comforted the broken-hearted—and what have you done with them? You have bartered them for benefices and peddled them for popularity; you have given them in exchange for money, for houses, for furniture, for things like this—and this—and this! You have sold your birthright for a mess of pottage, therefore you are the prostitute.'"

Somehow, while reading this, my thoughts turned instinctively to Wilson Barrett. Of course these remarks ended Storm's career as a fashionable curate, and in his passion for self-sacrifice he went into an Anglican monastery. This is what Glory has to say about him:

"Oh, haven't I given you the 'newses' about John Storm? There are so many things to think about in a place like London, you see. Yes, he has gone into a monastery—communication cut off—wires broken down by the 'storm,' &c. Soberly, he has gone for good, seemingly, and to talk of it lightly is like picking a penny out of a blind man's hat. Of course, it was only to be expected that a man with an upper lip like that should come to grief with all those married old maids and elderly women of the opposite sex. Canons to right of him, canons to left of him, canons in front of him—but rumour says it was John himself who volleyed and thundered. He wrote me a letter when he was on the point of going, saying how London had shocked and disappointed him, and how he longed to escape from it and from himself at the same time, that he might dedicate his life to God. It was right and true, no doubt; but wherefore could I not pronounce Amen? He also mentioned something about myself, how much I had been to him; for he had never known his mother, and had never had a sister, and could never have a wife. All which was excellent; but a mere woman like Glory doesn't want to read that sort of thing in a letter, and would rather have five minutes of John Storm the man than a whole eternity of John Storm the saint."

That bit of one of Glory's postscripts gives you the key of the whole situation.

Meanwhile Storm is trying to eliminate the flesh in the monastery, and Glory is doing "different things." She is dismissed from the hospital, she takes lodgings with a baby-farmer, serves in a tobacco shop, performs on Sunday evenings at the foreign clubs in Soho, goes on the music-hall stage, and finally becomes an actress and a success, preserving her purity all the time by that admirable antiseptic, a sense of humour. Storm, leaving the monastery, sets to work in a fury of reforming zeal at a mission church in Soho, loving Glory all the time, and loathing her worldly life. At last he decides on a crowning act of self-sacrifice, and determines to take the place of Father Damien on the leper island. Moreover, he wants Glory, who has confessed her love, to accompany him. And Glory in an exalted moment consents:

"'Are you sure—quite sure? Am I asking too much of you? Don't let us deceive ourselves—think——'

'Let us talk of something else now.' She began to laugh. 'Look at me, John—don't I look well to-day?'

'You always look well, Glory.'

'But isn't there any difference—this dress for instance?'

Then his sight came back, and his big eyes sparkled.

'How beautiful you are, dear!'

'Really! Do I look nice then, really?'

'My beautiful, beautiful girl!'

Her head was thrown back and she glowed with joy.

'Don't come too near me, you know—don't crush me.'

'Nay, no fear of that. I should be afraid.'

'Not that I mustn't be touched exactly.'

'What will they think, I wonder, those poor lost creatures, so ugly, so disfigured?'

'And my red hair. This colour suits me, doesn't it?'

'Some Madonna, they'll say; the very picture of the Mother of God herself!'

'Are you—are you afraid of me in this frock, dear? Shall I run and take it off?'

'No, no; let me look at you again.'

'But you don't like me to-day, for all that.'

'I?'

'Do you know you've never once kissed me since you came into the room?'

'Glory!'

'My love, my love!'

'And you,' he said, close to her lips, 'are you ready for anything?'

'Anything,' she whispered.

At the next moment she was holding herself off, with her arms stiff about his neck, that she might look at him and at her lace sleeves at the same time. Suddenly a furrow crossed his brow. He had remembered the Father's warning, and was summoning all his strength.

'But out there I'll love you as a sister, Glory.'

'Ah!'

'For the sake of those poor doomed beings cut off from earthly love we will love each other as the angels love.'

'Yes, that is the highest, purest, truest love, no doubt. Still ——'"

Still Glory could not rise to the height of that great argument; she preferred—naturally—her leading *rôle* at the theatre. And

Storm, in an access of fanaticism, decides to kill her body to save her soul. The midnight visit of Storm to Glory is a remarkable bit of writing. I would gladly quote it, but it is too long, and I refuse to mutilate it.

The story ends in the only possible way. Storm fails, of course, to reform society; indeed, he gets himself killed in the attempt; and I, being unregenerate, and impatient of donkeys who mean well, am glad.

I have an uneasy suspicion—from an author's note at the end—that Mr. Hall Caine has a moral up his sleeve. I hope I am mistaken. Taken on its merits it is a striking story; but it is quite impossible to feel any sympathy with the "Christian," who is simply a fool who happens to be religious. Your attention, however, is gripped at the outset, and held throughout. It is not until you begin to think the matter over that you notice the paint splashes, the violent colouring, the strained effects. And then it doesn't matter much. For as a bit of scene-painting *The Christian* is a superb picture.

* * * *

The Fascination of the King. By Guy Boothby.
(London: Ward, Lock & Co.)

The Fascination of the King belongs to what may be described as the "Anthony Hope" order of romance. Unfortunately it is not written with that author's saving grace of humour. The Marquis of Instow, who enacts the now familiar *rôle* of a nineteenth century English nobleman, who finds himself against his will plunged into a whirlpool of exciting and dangerous adventure, has not that lightness of touch which endears his prototype (or at least one of his prototypes) to me in the earlier chapters of the *Prisoner of Zenda*. Instow, in fact, has a deadly solemnity, even a certain pompousness, about him which robs him not a little of my sympathy. But those who have a passion for adventurous fiction will find plenty to their liking in Mr. Boothby's new book. In it they will be introduced to a mysterious king of the Médangs, of uncertain parentage, Marie I. by name, who has built up for himself an independent kingdom, somewhat in the manner of Rajah Brook of Sarawak (whose bones now rest in a little Devonshire churchyard), somewhere in the Hinterland of Annam. Needless to say, those wicked French, whose greed of colonial aggrandisement need not be commented on here, cast envious eyes on this new kingdom; collisions take place between their troops and those of Marie I., and war is declared. After this we have alarms and excursions, in which Instow, whose sister the king has married, acquits himself in the most heroic fashion, and everything winds up happily. Further particulars I will not give lest I betray too much of a not very complex plot. There is one point on which I am inclined to quarrel with Mr. Boothby. His fascinating monarch is at times deplorably colloquial. "You have hit the nail on the head this time, Roche," hardly seems a dignified speech for a monarch addressing his commanding officer at a council meeting. In fact, the book as a whole is markedly deficient in style. The account of the ambush by which the French Army is surrounded and almost annihilated by the generalship of the excellent Instow is a fair example of Mr. Boothby's writing, and as such I quote it:

"Almost as my repeater struck half-past eleven, an officer whom I had stationed at the end of the pass came hurrying along to inform me that the enemy were about to enter it. A few moments later there burst upon my ear the sound of voices, and with a suddenness that startled me the advance guard of the enemy appeared in sight. Scarcely more than fifty yards behind them came the main body, chatting and laughing, without any thought of a surprise. I waited until they were exactly opposite me, and then, crouching behind a rock in order that the tiny flame might give them no warning of our position, lit a match and set fire to the rocket. With a long hiss, and scattering a trail of sparks, it rose into the air, and at the same instant two hundred and fifty rifles rang out, followed an instant later by a similar number.

Anything like the horror and confusion of the next few minutes no man could possibly imagine. The terrified troops in the gully below knew neither what to do nor which way to turn. Their ranks were completely disorganised, while volley after volley was being poured into them from the hillside above. They tried to advance, but were met by Denton's fire; they tried to retreat, only to find themselves assailed by the third party; and all the time my detachment was raking them from mid-between. The air was filled with cries and curses, the rattle of rifles, and the shouting of orders. Dante's *Inferno* would scarcely have compared with it."

There are occasionally rather careless slips in the book. A plain twenty-nine miles to the westward of a city could not conceivably be reached by an armed force on foot in four hours, even by the shortest of short cuts, especially in a night march. And it is certainly undeniable that you would not help a man who had never been to Venice to picture for himself the Bridge of Sighs by telling him that it spanned the Grand Canal, because it doesn't. These, however, are but small points. At the same time, I do not think that Mr. Boothby's story is a very triumphant opening for the busy publishing season that is to follow the long interregnum of the Jubilee.

* * * *

A Bride's Madness. By Allen Upward.
(Arrowsmith.)

This is a detective story of the conventional type, in which the detective comes from Scotland Yard, takes his orders from casual earls, runs after a clue for two or three hundred pages, and finds himself where he least expected. The opening chapters will excite your curiosity. When the express arrives at Glasgow a saloon carriage remains with drawn blinds, and an unclaimed pile of luggage is left upon the platform. Guards and porters wonder, and finally investigate. Within is found a drunken man asleep. Awakened, he is asked by the guard what has become of the young lady known to be travelling with him.

"Hardly were the words out of his mouth when they were answered by a low moan which caused his comrades and himself to start violently, and turn their eyes simultaneously to a narrow door in the end of the saloon, which gave admission to a smaller compartment used as a dressing-room.

The partially aroused drunkard followed the direction of their eyes, and heard a second feeble moan issue from the inner compartment. The effect seemed to be almost instantly to sober him.

'A very distressing thing has happened,' he said, rising unaided to his feet, and speaking in tones which, though still husky, were fairly distinct; 'it has completely upset me, and made me ill as you see. The excitement she has passed through lately has been too much for my poor wife. I have reason to fear that she has gone out of her mind.'"

Then we have the murder of the gamekeeper on a west country estate, and it is the task of this story to connect the two incidents, as Wilkie Collins might say. Mr. Allen Upward connects them. But the trail of the conventional detective story is over it all, and I don't believe a word of it. Somehow, when I find a detective in a story I am sure that I shall be reminded of the tales rendered so popular by the *Family Herald*. The detective finds out the weak points of an author. Mr. Allen Upward has proved by *A Crown of Straw* that he can write. I wish he would.

THE NOVELS OF MR. MEREDITH.

We take the following extracts from the thoughtful article on Mr. Meredith, which appears in the new *Quarterly Review*. The writer, it should be said, finds much to demur to in Mr. Meredith's style, and thinks that "his judgment is not equal to his genius." He is in all things too intellectual: "A writer to deserve the epithet great should be master of a various power, a various charm; he should subdue us by sympathy, by enthusiasm, by wit, by reason, by an appeal to the heart as well as by an appeal to the head; Mr. Meredith hammers too exclusively at our intelligence." The writer thinks that by his recent attempts to prune his novels of excrescences "Mr. Meredith virtually acknowledges the recklessness of his methods." He even suggests that Mr. Meredith was taking a side-glance at his own work when he described Dumas' novel, *The Cancatrice*, in the following terms:

"No clever transcript of the dialogue of the day occurred," we are told; "no hair-breadth 'scapes, perils by sea and land, heroisms of the hero, fine shrieks of the heroine; no set scenes of catching pathos and humour; no distinguishable points of social satire, equivalent to a smacking of the public on the chaps, which excites it to a grin with keen discernment of the author's intention. She did not appeal to the senses nor to a superficial discernment. So she had the anticipatory sense of failure; and *she wrote her best in perverseness.*"

Despite these strictures, all through his article the writer does splendid justice to Mr. Meredith's achievements. Here is a passage in which the writer passes from the consideration of Mr.

Meredith's style to his description of Nature, and thence to his delineations of women:

"Mr. Meredith's style has charm, but an occasional, a fitful charm. We do not contend that there is a hidden grace in such phrases as 'her meditations tottered in dots,' 'swings suspended on a scarce credible guess,' 'infrigidated a congenial atmosphere by an overflow of exclamatory wonderment,' 'women whose bosoms can be tombs,' or 'head performed the negative,' or 'resumed its brushing negative,' or in any of the phrases usually quoted in derision of Mr. Meredith's style. For a deliberate artist he can be terribly uncouth; but though eccentricities may mar a character, though they may mar a style, they are not necessarily inconsistent with charm. Mr. Meredith plays the coquette with his readers, and estranges them that he may display his power of reducing them once again to subjection. Much, indeed, of the charm of his style consists in this—that it is suffused with poetry. He began as a poet; and it is not difficult, more especially perhaps in his transcripts of Nature, to discover the poet behind the novelist. Passage after passage will recur to his readers in which he has rendered with a poet's fidelity, with a poet's felicity, the more elusive aspects of a scene, its air and sky. No poet has with more penetrating insight realised the unity, the larger harmony which, without moral or spiritual loss, includes man in Nature. The atmosphere of Nature's varying moods, and their magnetic influences upon the soul, these, the proofs of that harmony, he has set himself to delineate in his verse. The subtle effluences of a morn of May, the autumnal chill of November that damps to the bone, the virago morn on which the wind has teeth and claws, all these equally he is glad to have known; they belong to the great order of things. And because he is a poet Mr. Meredith is the closest observer of Nature among all our novelists, the closest observer and the most minute painter among them.

'February blew south-west for the pairing of the birds. A broad warm wind rolled clouds of every ambiguity of form in magnitude over peeping azure, or skimming upon lakes of blue and lightest green, or piling the amphitheatre for majestic sunset.'

'Rain was universal; a thick robe of it swept from hill to hill; thunder rumbled remote, and between the ruffled roars the downpour pressed on the land with a great noise of eager gobbling.'

'South-western rain clouds are never long sullen. . . . they rise and take veiled features in long climbing watery lines; at any moment they may break the veil and show soft upper cloud, show sun on it, show sky, green near the verge they spring from, of the green of grass in early dew.'

But if Mr. Meredith's transcripts of Nature belong to poetry, there are passages in his description of women that belong to it no less. His admirers are indeed always willing to stake his reputation upon the boyishness of his boys and the womanhood of his women. And they are not wrong. The author of 'Richard Feverel' and 'Harry Richmond' is, without doubt, a supreme delineator of boyhood; he has probed it to the centre. And despite the reservations we have still to make in respect of our author as a literary artist, we must register a conviction that in his portraiture of women he is without a rival among English novelists. The reference to Shakespeare made in this connexion by Mr. Meredith's admirers is a trite one, but it is not unwarrantable. When one thinks of Shakespeare's women, and the wonderful procession begins to pass before the eye of the mind, it is difficult to believe that anything at all comparable will ever be seen again. And, indeed, nothing at all comparable ever will be seen again, yet if one thinks of some of them singly: of Juliet, who could 'teach the torches to burn bright'; of Constance, who 'will instruct her sorrows to be proud'; of Portia, 'the true and honourable wife' of Brutus; of Rosalind, the forest-maid, who plays the forester with such consummate delicacy and grace; of Perdita, the country child, as fresh and beautiful as her own flowers drenched in the bright dews of heaven; of Viola, the silent; of Olivia, the stately; of Cleopatra, who could 'make death proud to take her'—if we call up to memory some of these marvellous portraits by Shakespeare, though the possibility of any general comparison dies away with the mere mental enumeration, it may yet perhaps justly be said that among Mr. Meredith's portraits there are some which the fierce light of the comparison cannot injure, there are some imagined and presented so similarly that we are even forced to make it. Letitia Dale, 'with the romantic tale upon her eyelashes'; Clara Middleton, 'the dainty rogue in porcelain,' 'who gives one an idea of the mountain echo'; Diana, all air and fire, worthy the name of the quivered goddess; Renée, with her Southern blood and wilful graces; Emilia, the simple girl and passionate patriot; Lucy, a fairy princess, a magic enchantment to the eyes of the new Ferdinand; the soft-eyed star of love, Ottilia, noble in heart and name; to deny that these are near of kin to the women of Shakespeare is indeed possible, but Justice and the Graces forbid it."

The writer concludes by remarking that "there is no living writer whose genius could be more fitly wedded to the perfection of the printer's art"; and he goes so far as to say that Messrs. Constable's new edition is, "in its way, as individual and decorative a product as are the creations of Mr Meredith's imagination."

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THE WEEK.

CHRONICLE OF NEW BOOKS.

[*This article is a chronicle of books published during the week. Reviews will follow.*]

MR. HALL CAINE has got the start of the majestic world of letters. When nothing is being published he issues fifty thousand copies of his new novel. We do not know whether to regard this as the opening event of the autumn publishing season, or as an event by itself. It is certain that the issue of fifty thousand copies of this novel will give a fillip to business in nearly every bookshop of any pretensions in the kingdom. The story, we note, is divided into four "Books," entitled respectively: "The Outer World," "The Religious Life," "The Devil's Acre," and "Sanctuary." The period of the story is the last quarter of the present century. Mr. Caine appends the following explanatory "Author's Note" to his story:

"It will be seen that in writing this book I have sometimes used the diaries, letters, memoirs, sermons, and speeches of recognisable persons, living and dead. Also, it will be seen that I have frequently employed fact for the purposes of fiction. In doing so I think I am true to the principles of art, and I know I am following the precedent of great writers. But being conscious of the grievous danger of giving personal offence, I would wish to say that I have not intended to paint anybody's portrait, or to describe the life of any known society or to indicate the management of any particular institution. To do any of these things would be to wrong the theory of fiction as I understand it, which is not to offer mock history or a substitute for fact, but to present a thought in the form of a story with as much realism as the requirements of idealism permit. In presenting the thought which is the motive of *The Christian* my desire has been to depict, however imperfectly, the types of mind and character, of creed and culture, of social effort and religious purpose, which I think I see in the life of England and America at the close of the nineteenth century. For such a task my own observation and reflection could not be enough, and so I am conscious that in many passages of this book I have often been merely as the mould through which the metal has passed from the fires kept burning round about."

The twenty-five-shilling edition of Prince Ranjitsinhji's *The Jubilee Book of Cricket* is a very handsome volume, and in all its editions the book is secure of a welcome. The portrait of Prince Ranjitsinhji "hooking a short-pitched ball on the wicket" is a beautifully executed photogravure, and the easy attitude of the Prince in this movement makes it suitable for the frontispiece portrait. The illustrations to the book are one of its notable features, consisting as they do of instantaneous photographs of many of our finest players. "Storer Waiting for the Ball," "Lilley at the Wicket," "W. L. Murdoch's Under-leg Stroke," "Richardson in the Act of Delivery," "Gunn's Forward Drive between Mid-off and Extra-cover," "Lord Hawke Cutting," "W. G. Grace Forcing the Ball on the On-side"—these are a few out of the dozens of subjects chosen. In a prefatory note the author acknowledges assistance received from Mr. W. J. Ford, Prof. Case, Mr. C. B. Fry, and others. As is well known, the book is dedicated by permission to "Her Majesty the Queen-Empress."

With Prince Ranjitsinhji's book comes—"to share the triumph and partake the gale"—*Cricket*, by W. J. Ford, with contributions by F. G. J. Ford, Tom Richardson, and M. C. Kemp. This is a reprint, with slight alterations, of the article on Cricket in Messrs. Lawrence & Bullen's *Encyclopædia of Sport*. But the value of the booklet is diminished by the fact that Prince Ranjitsinhji's chapter on Batting is omitted.

From Mr. Elliot Stock comes a reprint of Captain Cuellar's *Adventures in Connacht and Ulster*, A.D. 1588. This narrative of the Spanish Armada has been dealt with already by various writers. Here it is discussed by Mr. Hugh Allingham, a member of the Royal Society of Antiquaries (Ireland). Cuellar's narrative is presented at the end of this slim book in a translation by Mr. Robert Crawford, M.A.

The week has produced some dozen small works of various kinds. *Crime and Criminals* is a book of notes on, and portraits of, criminals by Dr. J. Sanderson Christison, and is published in Chicago by the W. T. Keener Company. The writer distinguishes three classes of delinquents: the *insane* (defective in reason); the *moral paretic* (defective in self-control); and the *criminal* proper (defective in conscience). *After Death* is a book of essays by Lilian Whiting, whose previous collections under the title of *The World Beautiful* we have had occasion to notice favourably. Miss Whiting's new book deals more closely than her others with the subjects of death and the future life; it has been inspired, indeed, by a bereavement. Several books useful to tourists reach us. *The Shakespearean Guide to Stratford-on-Avon* appears to have been compiled with great care by H. Snowden Ward and Catherine Weed Ward. It is also well illustrated from photographs. The writers protest against the idea that prohibition prices rule in Stratford-on-Avon, where, they contend, there is now hotel and lodging-house accommodation to suit every class of traveller. Murray's *Handbook of Travel-Talk* achieves its eighteenth edition. The book is divided into fourteen groups of subjects, and arranged in the order in which the traveller is likely to become concerned with them. The vocabularies provided are English, French, German, and Italian. Messrs. Whittaker's new guide, *What to Say and do in France*, gives information on railways, vehicles of all kinds, cafés, theatres, naturalisation, etiquette, and social customs, marriage, law, educational matters, &c., &c. It should be specially useful to intending residents in France.

Messrs. Smith, Elder's new and cheaper edition of the late John Addington Symonds's *Renaissance in Italy* makes progress. The third volume, dealing with Fine Arts, is issued, and the completion of the work by the issue of four more volumes may be expected by November.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

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A Test of the Truth. By Oxoniensis. Elliot Stock. 1s. 6d.

The Kingdom of God as Set Forth Historically and Prophetically in the English Bible. Elliot Stock. 1s.

Little Catechism or Liturgy. John Murphy & Co. (New York).

The Obligation of Hearing Mass on Sundays and Holidays. By Rev. J. T. Roche. John Murphy & Co. (New York).

The English Church, the Priest, and the Altar. By Francis Peek. Lawrence & Bullen.

The Spiritual Principle of the Atonement. By John Scott Lidgett, M.A. Charles H. Kelly. 5s.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Captain Cuellar's Adventures in Connacht and Ulster A.D. 1588. By Hugh Allingham and Hugh Crawford. Elliot Stock. 2s.

Sir Walter Ralegh. The Stanhope Essay, 1897. By John Buchan. B. H. Blackwell. 2s. 6d.

ART, DRAMA, POETRY.

Modern Painters. Vols. I. and II. New Edition in small form. By John Ruskin. George Allen.

The Epic of Olympus. By Charles Rathbone Low. Digby, Long & Co.

A Divan of the Dales. By Swithin Saint Swithains. Digby, Long & Co.

Songs and Shadows. By E. M. Beresford. Digby, Long & Co.

The Temple Dramatists: Edward III. Edited by G. C. Moore Smith, M.A. J. M. Dent & Co.

After Her Death. By Lillian Whiting. Sampson Low.

The Book of Tephi. By J. A. Goodchild. Kegan Paul. 6s.

Proceedings of the Royal Colonial Institute. Vol. XXVIII., 1896-7. Published by the Institute.

FICTION.

Unrelated Twins. By Belton Otterburn. Digby, Long & Co.

The Octave of Claudius. By Barry Pain. Harper & Brothers. 6s.

In Camp and Cantonment. By Edith E. Cuthell. Hurst & Blackett. 3s. 6d.

In a Web of Gold. By Rita Russell. Digby, Long & Co. 1s.

Penarth. By D. C. Parkinson. Digby, Long & Co. 1s.

Shibboleth. By Katharine Renell. Digby, Long & Co 1s.

By Stroke of Sword. By Andrew Balfour. Methuen & Co. 6s.

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

The Shakespearean Guide to Stratford-on-Avon. By H. Snowden Ward and Catherine Weed Ward. Dawbarn & Ward.

Sisters by the Sea: Seaside and Country Sketches. By Clement Scott. Lawrence Greening & Co. 1s.

EDUCATIONAL.

French Stumbling-Blocks and English Stepping-Stones. By Francis Tarver, M.A. John Murray.

Drill on the Essentials of French Accidence and Elementary Syntax. By Victor Spiers, M.A. Simpkin, Marshall. 1s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Jubilee Book of Cricket. By K. S. Ranjitsinhji. William Blackwood & Sons. 25s. and 6s.

Crime and Criminals. By J. Sanderson Christison, M.D. The W. T. Keener Co. (Chicago).

Tuberculosis, or Flesh-Eating a Cause of Consumption. By Josiah Oldfield. The *Vegetarian* Publishing Office.

Ancient Classics for English Readers (Cheap Issue): Pliny's Letters. By Rev. A. Church, M.A., and Rev. W. J. Brodribb, M.A.—Euripides. By William Bodham Donne. Blackwood & Sons.

Cricket. By W. J. Ford. With Contributions by F. G. J. Ford, Tom Richardson, and M. C. Kemp. Reprinted from "The Encyclopædia of Sport." Lawrence & Bullen. 6d.

A Handbook of Travel-Talk. Eighteenth Edition. John Murray.

Pro Patria. By Jean Delaire. Digby, Long & Co.

Wells Cathedral. By the Rev. Canon Church. Isbister & Co. 1s.

What to Do and What to Say in France. Whittaker & Co. 1s.

The Chairman's Manual. Elliot Stock. 1s.

Outlines of the History of Classical Philology. By Alfred Gudeman. Ginn & Co. (Boston, U.S.A.).

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE season just over has been for the Print Collector, on the whole, wonderfully barren. Neither at Christie's nor at Sotheby's has a single collection of the first order offered itself for distribution under the hammer. There have been, naturally, some isolated examples of fine prints; Rembrandts, whenever they have occurred in at all decent condition, have shown no signs whatever of diminution of value; and there has been one record price, or something like it, in the sale of a Dürer, the "St. Jerome" of that master—the St. Jerome in the open air, not the one in the cell—going for £290.

But, putting aside the foolish prices still given by buyers who are hardly connoisseurs for coloured prints (which in the very nature of things are neither fish, fowl, nor good red herring), the most remarkable feature is the high level of prices reached by the best modern, if not exactly the best contemporary, etching. Méryon, for instance—the great master of the last generation, whose place is now assured by Rembrandt's side—is sought for eagerly at good prices, directly anything of his that is tolerably fine in state and condition comes into the market. Quite recently at a sale of no especial character—a sale, we mean, by no means remarkable for the general fineness of the impressions submitted—excellent prices were fetched for that which was good, £18, for instance, being paid for the small print of the "Rue des Mauvais Garçons," and £22 for the famous, if forbidding, little "Stryge."

Among the Seymour Hadens there was lately offered the larger and rarer of that etcher's two plates of "Kensington Gardens," which went for £22, while for the much extolled "Shere Mill Pond" the bid reached thirty guineas. There have not been many Whistlers, but nine guineas seems now no uncommon price for that master's larger visions of either Battersea or Putney Bridge—we speak, of course, of the charming old wooden structures, now no more—while for what may be described as an everyday set of the "Twenty-six Etchings," chiefly Venetian, and which the Dowdeswells published only a few years ago at fifty guineas, about eighty guineas is easily realised. A *picked* set, or one that has belonged to a famous collector—well, that, of course, would be a different affair!

A representative of the *Daily Chronicle*, who has been inquiring into the sales of photographs of living men and women, offers some melancholy figures with regard to the demand for authors and artists. Compared with the ladies and gentlemen of the stage, authors and artists are not to be considered. Mr. Hall Caine, it seems, is occasionally bought; and, entirely without authority, the statement is made that in country places he is still selling as well as Shakespeare; but no other writer is required, except Miss Marie Corelli, and she consistently refuses to be taken.

A copyright performance of the play which has been founded by Mr. Hall Caine on his novel *The Christian* took place at Douglas, in the Isle of Man, on Saturday last. Seats were priced at a pound each, and eleven o'clock in the morning was the hour chosen. Mr. Hall Caine took the part of John Storm, Miss Hall Caine was Glory Quayle, Mrs. Hall Caine was Polly Love, Master Ralph Caine was Brother Andrew, and Mr. William Heinemann enacted the Father Superior.

American publishers would seem to have an odd idea of the control of English literary papers. We have just received from a Chicago firm the following request, which is, we hasten to say, quite out of our power to grant:

"To the Editor, Academy, London,
"England.

"Dear Sir,—We send you a copy of the Third Edition of Gudeman's *Outlines of the History of Classical Philology*, which we hope you will review in the *Athenæum*."

Mr. Rothenstein's gallery of *English Portraits*, which Mr. Grant Richards publishes month by month, grows in interest. The current number contains lithographed drawings of Mr. Lecky and Mr. Sargent. It requires no small courage to limn Mr. Sargent, who has himself so superbly set on paper the heads of some of his friends; Mr. Rothenstein, however, has done creditably, although we have seen better work from his pencil. The portrait of Mr. Lecky is, apart from its own merits, useful as a corrective of Mr. Reed in *Punch*. It shows us the historian not without nourishment. The author of the slight biographical note writes: "If he has published a volume of verse, that is an amiable indiscretion which may more grievously be laid to the charge of many another public man; but, had he an enemy, that enemy could find no charge more serious to bring against this profoundly accomplished and courteous gentleman."

An interesting experiment in the illustration of Dickens is being made by Mr. C. D. Gibson, the American draughtsman, and Mr. Phil May. Mr. George Allen has arranged for a new edition of the novels with pictures by these artists, and Mr. Gibson is now at work on *Martin Chuzzlewit*, Mr. May on *David Copperfield*. The result is certain to be interesting, although it is difficult to think of Mr. Gibson's presentment of Sairey Gamp.

Popular authors nowadays must expect to be used for strange purposes. But we have never met with a stranger than that to which a photograph of Ian Maclaren has just been put by an American doctor. We have before us a little monograph on *Crime and Criminals*, by J. Sanderson Christison, M.D., published at Chicago this year. It consists of a series of studies and portraits of jail types—delinquents who have come under the author's observation in American asylums. By way of frontispiece we find the portrait of the author of *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, to serve as "a type of the normal look, features, and contour of head," or the standard from which American criminals have unhappily fallen.

Mr. Ruskin has himself given up writing, but the business of making new books out of his old ones continues to flourish. The latest announcement is that a volume consisting of the Bible references which occur in Mr. Ruskin's pages is to appear.

The title of Mark Twain's new book, which was given some time ago as "The Surviving Innocent Abroad," has been altered to *More Tramps Abroad*.

A correspondent of the *Glasgow Evening News* gives the following latest information from Craigenputtock: "The other day I paid a visit to the old Dumfriesshire farmhouse of Craigenputtock, where Carlyle wrote his *Sartor Resartus*. The farm is still in the hands of the Carlyle family, the present occupant being a grand-nephew of the sage. This gentleman—who, by the way, in features as well as in manner, suggests a striking likeness to his illustrious relative—speaks not too cordially of the way in which his farm and steading are overrun at this season by 'pilgrims.'"

"In the neighbouring village of Dunscore," continues the writer, "there still survive a few of Carlyle's contemporaries. These aged worthies think little of Tam, as they call him. They remember him only as a 'soor-tempered body' who did not get on too well with his brother, the then farmer of Craigenputtock, and they are fond of illustrating the 'cussedness' of the sage

by telling of an occasion when, having quarrelled with everybody about the place, he drove off one night in a 'huff' to Dumfries and refused to come back again. Few Scotch people think of visiting the place; all the 'pilgrims' are English, American, or foreign."

From Craigenputtock to Abbotsford is a natural transition. Mrs. Maxwell Scott, who knows more about Sir Walter Scott's home than any one living, has written of it in a volume which will appear this autumn under the title *The Making of Abbotsford*.

A new edition, consisting of ten or twelve volumes, of the works of Mr. James Whitcomb Riley is to be published in America this autumn. Mr. Riley is the most popular and the most admirable of American domestic poets; he writes of home life in a delightful homely manner, humorously, tenderly, playfully, and with true feeling. In this country two or three of his volumes have appeared, but their success has been retarded by the dialect in which much of his best verses are written, and the peculiarly American character of the work. But notwithstanding this, *Old-Fashioned Roses*, published by Messrs. Longman & Co., found many readers.

The New York *Book-Buyer* has a story of the literary beginnings of a lady who has since become well known as a writer. Failing to impress editors in any other way, she sent a bundle of "Jokes" to a comic paper, asking what remuneration was offered. The reply was that the proprietors were able to offer only "glory." The lady wrote back giving permission for her contributions to be used on the understanding that the glory should be forthcoming. When her paragraph appeared, the editor not only gave her matter "top of column and best of display," but, in a page and a paper made up of unsigned contributions, they gave her name in full, her street and town and state address, and all in large type, at the foot of her humorous productions. "Verily," she said, "this is glory with a vengeance."

A new poem by Mr. Kipling, entitled "The Feet of the Young Men," will appear in the Christmas number of *Scribner's*.

Mr. Samuel Kinnear, of the printing establishment of the Blackwoods, has been giving the *Scotsman* more reminiscences of his career. In his last letter he recalls a curious mistake committed by Sir Archibald Alison towards the end of his History of Europe. In his account of the funeral of the Duke of Wellington the historian wrote, through sheer absence of mind, that one of the pall bearers was Sir Peregrine Pickle, meaning Sir Peregrine Maitland. The name of Peregrine is so rare, and it goes so naturally with Pickle, that the error was easily made; but it is odd that no one should have noted it before the volume was issued. Eventually the discovery was made, and the edition had to be recalled for the cancelling of the sheet.

PARIS LETTER.

(From our French Correspondent.)

THE recent illness of M. François Coppée, whose health, if we may judge from his frequent flight to the coast, is at best precarious, draws attention to the work of this extremely popular and simple poet. M. Coppée is a complete proof that mediocrity may be crowned with the glory of triumph in France as well as in England. There are people who can only enjoy mediocrity: second-rate poetry, second-rate prose, second-rate art and music, second-rate sentiment, second-rate society, and second-rate wine. It is well this large class of inoffensive beings should find the sort of thing they want in books as well as out of them. Happily for them the second-rate article everywhere abounds, and here in France its academical high priest is the amiable, the kindly, and sentimental François Coppée—interpreter of all the humble and domestic emotions in well-meaning but commonplace verse; transcriber of every-day ideas and somewhat trite observation in the least-lettered of French prose. For this he has been selected, perhaps not altogether unwisely, for immortality, and the obsequious multitude cheerfully address him as *cher maître*. It is a glory to be master in something, and this dear sentimental Coppée is past master in the ordinary. But pray note the capriciousness of academic choice, and say if the professional tasters of literature are a whit less incalculable and inexplicable in their choice than the capricious voice of public opinion. Théophile Gautier, the supreme charmer, the writer of chiselled verse and dazzling prose, the exquisite impeccable artist, was rejected by the Immortals because in his youth he wore a scarlet waiscoat (he might have worn none, and left his genius undiminished) and cultivated a Merovingian shock of hair. George Sand, at the height of her glory, the first great *prosateur* of her day, was actually refused a prize because of her morals, while Musset, her lover, with even less to boast of, and who was rarely sober to boot, sat placidly among the immaculate Forty! Where Sand, Balzac, Dumas, and Gautier were not admitted, M. Coppée, the laurelled and applauded, has his armchair of honour!

However, no poet ever wore his laurels more modestly; and it is a gratification to think that part of the official reward belongs to the man's homely virtues, his quaint goodwill to all men except politicians and Germans, his pity and sympathy in face of every form of pain and sorrow, his good-nature and cheerfulness, and the spirit of pleasant humility in which he receives the contempt of younger poets. I daresay he nourishes the private conviction that the younger poets who despise him are all wrong, but he conceals it with imperturbable geniality, and begs them, in grandmotherly prose, to think more of Lizette and less of their problematical souls; to gather flowers in the woods with the ever-accommodating *grisette*, instead of racking their tortured brains for new definitions of a decadent state of mind.

It may fitly be retorted that M. Coppée is greatly too pre-occupied with the charms and the virtues of the *grisette* himself. His conviction that the humble are the salt of the earth carries him too far, and his enthusiasm for a girl and a bandbox lands him in singular absurdities. The sincerity of a woman's love-letter he judges by the quantity of mistakes in spelling and the illiterateness of the style. A girl's uncovered head out of doors is to him proof of every virtue and charm. With a *grisette* who takes a lover it is invariably a matter of heart in M. Coppée's esteem, whatever evidence the class may sometimes furnish of cupidity, heartlessness, or cruelty. By reason of their station, one might say of their morals even, they are sure to make better wives, better mothers than the educated woman. Not that M. Coppée is in the least immoral, quite the contrary. But he is opposed to the bourgeois tooth and nail, with reason sometimes, though reason is the very last thing to pre-occupy such a partial observer as M. Coppée; whereas the *grisette* he cherishes as the sparrows of Paris, cheering, harmless, twittering creatures, to be smiled upon and befriended. For he is what he would call himself, a *gamin* of Paris, having been born here in 1842, and professedly not understanding or caring much for anything outside Paris.

His literary career opened at twenty-four with *Le Reliquaire* in 1866, but it was not until the appearance of his first play "Le Passant," in 1869, that he achieved popularity. His plays, like his prose and verse, are quite second-rate; but, as he has written, "they have charmed awhile this age of opera-bouffe and middle-class drama." His admirers regard him as the Teniers of verse and the Gerald Dow of prose, and if the odour of the *pot-au-feu* and Lizette's skirt are somewhat insistent in his works, his sincerity and geniality may be said to make amends. His *contes* have none of the grace, the art we are accustomed to associate with the *conte*. They do not exceed the level of our own magazine short story without distinction or beauty. What, for instance, could be more trite and mawkish than the *Orgue de Barbarie*, more ineffective than *Le Convalescent*, more commonplace than the Dreamer's socialistic thoughts at the aristocratic dinner? All this forms the favourite reading of the multitude.

In his *Franc Parler*, collected articles from the *Journal*, a fast little paper, Coppée is hardly at home; he is more interesting, not by the variety or unexpectedness of his fugitive work, but because here we have the kindly, commonplace man instead of the commonplace artist. One feels almost a prick of remorse in criticising adversely a man so incapable of wounding a fellow, such a cheerful sentimentalist, so soft-hearted a poet. If he is not complex, meditative, intellectual, artistic—he is at least thoroughly humane, as he shows in a few feeling pages on the respect of human life. To those who dream of a better state of things for the poor and suffering, he writes:

"Humble poet, I can bring to their work nothing but my emotion at the sight of suffering. It is not to be disdained, however, for it

is sincere. . . . Nothing can be done for the unfortunate and the despairing but through kindness, pity, the appeal to hearts. . . . The noise of Ravachol's pocket thunder will not stifle the words of those who, like me, have ever raised their voice in behalf of the weak and the little."

His feeling on the terrible Panama scandal is a loyal and manly outburst:

"For money! There are—and many!—who have sold their vote, their conscience! And if to-morrow we were attacked, if we had to unroll the national standard, it might be asked, Is there a hand pure enough to seize the staff?. . . For money! And that at a time when the just cry of the unfortunate is lifted more threateningly than ever; when the rich, far from increasing their treasure, should, under pain of the worst misfortunes, prepare themselves for fraternal division, for sacrifice! For money! Ah, one muses upon the honourable and holy poverty of Aristides. What do I say? One even reaches regret of the days of mourning and disorder when at least a few still possessed some virtue, when, while Jourde, the Communist, was master of the Bank, his wife went to the public laundry to wash, herself, the family linen."

In the teeth of the Marquise de Castellane's splendid gift to Paris, Coppée, so susceptible to the beauty of generosity, must regret the lines that follow on the death of her father, Jay Gould, however merited he may feel them to be.

On the politicians he is justly and consistently hard. Here are two meetings in a morning he briefly describes. One of the heroes of the Panama scandal, exasperated by the freedom of allusions and criticism in the Press and in the drama, threatens interdiction all round:

"'Do you know, you are not gay?' I cried. 'If we are not to speak of anything in the newspapers and in the theatre, how are we to earn our bread?' He flung me a rakish side-glance, and digging me in the ribs, said: 'Bah! There remains pornography. You know very well that we shut our eyes on that ground.'"

Leaving the worthy deputy, Coppée falls into the arms of a decadent poet, who professedly despises him as a man of letters, but tolerates him as a good fellow:

"'Well,' asks Coppée, 'what is going on in the *cenacles?*' 'We are bewitching one another,' he replied most seriously, and then explained the mysterious proceeding to his astounded interlocutor. 'You take a toad and you subject it to frightful torture, thinking the while of your enemy with all the intensity of your hate. Within the year your enemy dies of the same sufferings as the toad. It is infallible. As you see me, I am on the look-out for one of these batracians for revenge upon a rival who has supplanted me in the good graces of a woman who keeps a beer-shop. But, alas! the animal is rare in Monsieur-le-Prince-street, where I live."

Asked to enter Parliament, Coppée very properly declined. He once or twice visited the Palais Bourbon, and the tempestuous reunion gave him the impression of a class badly kept by a master without authority.

"It is not much, certainly," he adds, "to be a poet in modern society, and no doubt my claims to the title are weak enough. But even if there should be in the numerous, too numerous poems I have written but a single and slight little bit the reading of which can stir the imagination of a youth, or cause a *grisette* to dream, I should regard this single drop of true poetry, the extract of my heart, as a work more precious and more essential than the most eloquent discourses of the Tribune, leading to the vote of a capital law or deciding a great event. In good faith, what poet would not rather leave behind him the sonnet of Arvers or the *Vase Brisé* than to have pronounced all the harangues of Mirabeau?"

An enlarged expression of Fletcher of Saltoun's sentiment.

There is decidedly something winning in this naïve desire of the man of the people to reach the heart of the people, and though there can be no comparison between Béranger the people's singer, and Coppée its versifer, there is this note of accord: both cheerfully belong to their class. Until the Panama horrors, Coppée was a confirmed optimist. Since then his reflections enter a more troubled zone, but he calls upon youth to help spotted France:

"Hola, up there, lock-keeper, father the Future! To your lever and point! Turn the machine. Open wide both gates, forward and backward, and by a thousand diamond sprays, with the joyous rush of the torrent, let in and out the wave of youth to inundate and purify us."

His work may be commonplace, insignificant, except in a couple of powerful plays, but the man's personality is sympathetic by reason of such modest virtues as generosity, compassion, honesty, and disinterestedness.

H. L.

TENNYSON AS DRAMATIST.

It is in some ways curious to note how few modern English poets of the first rank have had even moderate success as dramatists, though so many of them at one time or another have tried their hand at writing for the stage. Lord Lytton wrote tolerable plays, but then he was not a poet of the first rank, while Mr. W. G. Wills was scarcely even a poet of the second. Some two or three of Browning's plays were tried on the stage at different times—"Strafford," "Colombe's Birthday," "The Blot on the 'Scutcheon"—but most critics (and almost all actors) declared them to be unactable. At least one of Byron's plays ("Werner") was fairly successful in its day, but we greatly doubt if anyone would care to revive it or "Marino Faliero" now. Shelley's "Cenci," curiously enough, has considerable merits as a stage play, in spite of its subject, and in one point at least it is greatly superior to either Tennyson's plays or Browning's, namely, the quality of its blank verse. Tennyson's lines are often feeble on the stage, occasionally even ludicrous, while Browning's have to be taken at a foot's pace if they are to be even moderately intelligible to the audience. Shelley's, on the contrary, have the true dramatic quality. They *speak* well. Possibly this may be the case with Byron's. We do not know. We can, however, say with certainty that, from a purely literary point of view, as blank verse they are often atrocious. Still, it does not follow that they might not be effective on the stage. There are some faults which stage treatment rather tends to conceal than to bring to light.

It is perhaps strange that where all these poets partially or entirely failed Tennyson should have had a very considerable measure of success. "Becket," as produced at the Lyceum, was undeniably good. "The Cup," too, with the assistance of Sir Henry Irving and the limelight man, developed unexpected dramatic capabilities, and made a very passable drama. The same may be said of "Queen Mary." But, then, it must be admitted that these plays required a very great deal of "editing" to make them actable; and indeed "Becket" was so extensively amended and revised that its stage triumph was at least as much due to him as to Tennyson. Nor does the acting version of "The Cup" follow the original at all too closely, while, we believe, much the same may be said of "The Promise of May" and "The Foresters." "The Falcon," on the contrary, as given by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, was probably not altered enough, which, together with its inherent dramatic impossibilities, may have accounted for its failure. From all which it may be gathered that Tennyson's success on the stage was not altogether the result of his own unaided genius. A mere glance at the plays as published will show this. Much of them will be seen at once to be utterly unfitted for stage presentation. There are whole scenes in "Becket," for instance, which must be cut bodily out before it can hope to please an average audience; and yet "Becket," even in its original form, is far the most actable of the plays. The fact is Tennyson, in his haste to be dramatist, forgot to be a playwright. He never took the trouble to study stage necessities or to learn the elements of the art of construction. He seems to have flung his story together anyhow, turned it into verse, and chanced the rest. If this was so, the only wonder is that his plays had such small acting possibilities as they did possess. The same is to some extent true of Browning also. He too, knew nothing about the stage or the technique of play-writing. But, then, Browning was born with the keenest dramatic sense. Tennyson was not. Browning saw intuitively the dramatic possibilities of a plot or a situation. With him it was an instinct. And if he had only studied the practical business of the stage he might have been one of the greatest of all dramatists, one whose works would have filled the English theatres for generations. For there never was a man with such a natural gift for dramatic presentment as Browning. All his poems are dramatic in essence, even the most lyrical of them.

Of Tennyson, on the contrary, the exact converse is true. His plays are not so much dramatic as lyrical in quality. Tennyson never properly understood how to deal with what actors call a "big" situation. His hand was feeble, his touch uncertain. Moreover, Tennyson was hardly capable of creating a character. He never did it in all the length and breadth of his poetry. What is Launcelot? A shadow. And Arthur? Still more a shadow. Tennyson could never have drawn a Sludge, or a Guido, or a Waring. He cannot make the most of his plot even when he has one

How feebly the intrigue in the earlier part of "The Cup" is worked out! What a much finer thing, psychologically, Browning would have made of it! Tennyson, fortunately, never tried his hand at a play on, say, Strafford, or he would have bungled it sadly. And "Strafford," among his plays, is Browning's masterpiece. Let us take only one scene of it and see how good it is. In the fifth act the scene is in the Tower. Denzil Hollis enters with a message from the king, which he hesitates to deliver. Strafford is indignant at this, and scornfully suggests that Charles has sent Hollis to arrange for his clandestine escape from the Tower instead of coming openly to set his loyal friend and subject free, and defend him against the world. It is impossible to describe with what depth of feeling and passion this is conveyed. Finally, Strafford declares bitterly that he will not go, in such a way, that he will rather remain in the Tower. Hollis speaks guardedly of his approaching death, and Strafford laughs him to scorn, producing from his breast the king's promise of safety, signed with his own hand. Then Hollis hands him his death-warrant, signed by the king. . . . . There is an awful ten seconds of silence, and the paper falls from Strafford's hands as he murmurs:

"Put not your trust
In Princes, neither in the sons of men
With whom is no salvation."

But the horror of the tragedy does not end even here, for Hollis has been attended throughout the interview by a shrouded figure. This figure now advances and throws himself at Strafford's feet. It is the king, and Hollis cries:

"As you hope for mercy,
Be merciful to this most wretched man."

One would not expect anything like this from a lyrist like Tennyson. There are no tremendous moments in his plays. They are pathetic at times—"Queen Mary" especially—and there are effective scenes in them. But when one contrasts them with a masterpiece like this, they pale into insignificance.

This, however, is not the sum of Tennyson's offences as a dramatist. His great offence is that he is not genuine. He is a mere echo. There may be differences of opinion as to Browning's merit, but at least no one can deny that he was always himself. He wrote his plays as he conceived them. He did not feebly copy the plays of somebody else. Tennyson did. And the poet he copied was of course Shakespeare. He simply took the Shakespearian drama as his model and tried to write like it. Shakespeare introduces comic characters at intervals to talk in homely prose as a relief from perpetual blank verse. Tennyson must do the like. Only, whereas Shakespeare's "comic relief" is actable, Tennyson's (in "Becket," for instance) generally is not. Shakespeare's comic characters amuse the audience with, from one point of view, silly puns and plays on words. So must Tennyson's. Here is an example from the first scene of "The Foresters":

"FOURTH RETAINER: . . . I would like to show you, Mistress Kate, how bare and spare I be on the rib.

"KATE: Spare me your spare ribs. . . .

"FIRST RETAINER: Ay, if he had not gone to fight the king's battles we should have better battels at home."

Can one conceive a more ridiculous piece of Wardour Street? Indeed, the whole of "The Foresters" is a mere Tennysonian "As You Like It," with a damsel playing the man in doublet and hose, the greenwood tree, and the rest of it. Moreover, as if this were not enough, Tennyson must needs put in his plays, probably unconsciously, endless Shakespearian "tags." Every one will remember Julius Cæsar's well-known phrase in Shakespeare:

"Such men are dangerous,"

and again—

"And therefore are they very dangerous."

Tennyson does precisely the same thing in "Queen Mary."

". . . therefore is he dangerous.
. . . he is dangerous every way."

Again, we have in "Julius Cæsar" the splendid passage beginning—

"The last of all the Romans, lie thou there."

On which Tennyson chimes in with—

"Thou last of all the Tudors, come away."

Of course we do not pretend that these are instances of deliberate imitation. Our point is, that Tennyson studied Shakespeare exhaustively as a model with the worst results, and it is hardly wonderful under those circumstances that, in writing his dialogue, he was haunted with Shakespearian phrases and lines, and occasionally forgot how near he was steering to them. But it is unnecessary to multiply instances of this. The imitation, conscious or unconscious, is present even in his finest passages.

"How many names in the long sweep of Time,
That so foreshortens greatness, may but hang
On the chance mention," &c.

What can be more pseudo-Shakespearian?

But Tennyson's greatest fault in his plays is his carelessness. At times he writes with a good deal of charm, and even of power, and his lyrical interludes are always agreeable. But his blank verse is not infrequently slip-shod, and his diction prosaic beyond belief for one who was, on the whole, so happy an artist in words.

"And all along
Of Philip,"

says one lady in "Queen Mary." Again, what more terrible example of how not to write blank verse could you have than this from "The Falcon"?

"COUNT: Bird Babble for my falcon! Let it pass,
What art thou doing there?

"ELIZABETHA: Darning, your Lordship!"

The average theatre-goer would receive this with shrieks of ribald laughter. Yet it does not appear to be intended to be funny. Here, too, is a speech from "The Foresters," which seems to us to be about as bad as it can well be:

"My guests and friends, Sir Richard, all of you
Who deign to honour this my thirtieth year,
And some of you were prophets that I might be,
Now that the sun our king is gone, the light
Of these dark hours; but this new moon, I fear,
Is darkness. Nay, this may be the last time
When I shall hold my birthday in this hall:
I may be outlawed! I have heard a rumour."

An alderman might improvise a speech in as good blank verse as this at any Lord Mayor's feast.

But enough of fault-finding. The scenes of Tennyson's plays are often adroitly managed (as, for instance, the first scene in "Becket," with the game of chess), and the verse is occasionally effective. One remembers how Miss Ellen Terry thrilled the Lyceum audience with—

"Eleanor of Aquitaine, Elcanor of England
Murder'd by that adulteress Eleanor,
Whose doings are a horror to the East,
A hissing to the West!"

SOME LETTERS OF SWIFT.

IT is late in the day for the publication of new letters of Swift; yet into the capable hands of Dr. Birkbeck Hill a little bundle has fallen, part of the material destined by Forster for that eye of the Dean which never progressed further than the first of its three volumes. These letters were written by Swift in the years between 1714 and 1731, when he was Dean of St. Patrick's, to his friend Knightley Chetwode of Woodbrooke, in Ireland, and a first instalment is printed in the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Of Chetwode little is known: he was the son of the Dean of Gloucester, and the member of the Oxfordshire family whose seat was at Warkworth, near Banbury. Knightley Chetwode's house, near Portarlington, still stands, and it is pleasant to learn that his descendant who made copies of the letters for Forster's use considered them precious as "an heirloom of honour." To the lover of literature they make, however, not so powerful an appeal. Swift is not by any means at his best in them, at least in those that have as yet been made public. It takes two to make a good letter, the recipient not less than the writer; and when the recipient does not inspire the finest correspondent in the world may fall to a common level. Knightley Chetwode was not another S. Sheridan.

Swift touches politics a little, but not to any purpose. In the main he is concerned with lesser matters: the price of hay, the rascality of servants, the want of horses, all kinds of domesticities, messages to Chetwode's wife "Dame Clyan," and so on. His tone is not cheery, nor is he ever high spirited. Here are some fragments. The Deanery needed much reorganisation when Swift succeeded to it:

"I used to value a good Revenue, because I thought it exempted a man from the little subaltern Cares of Life; and so 't would if the Master were wise, or Servants had honesty and

common Sense: A man who is new in a House or an Office has so many important Nothings to take up his time, that he cannot do what he would.

"One Occasion I have to triumph, that in six weeks time I have been able to get rid of a great Cat, that belonged to the late Dean, and almost poisoned the House. An old Woman under the same circumstances I can not yet get rid of, or find a Maid."

In his next letter he returns to the cat and the maid:

"The Bishop of Dromore is expected this night in Town on purpose to restore his Cat, who by her perpetual noise and Stink must be certainly a whig. In complyance to y^{r} observation of old women's tenderness to each other, I have got one as old and ugly as that the Bishop left, for the Ladys of my Acquaintance would not allow me one with a tolerable Face tho I most earnestly interceded for it."

Chetwode is expecting Swift to Woodbrooke (where they still show an avenue said to have been planted by the Dean); but many things intervene to prevent the visit. Swift writes:

"You are mistaken, I am no Coy Beauty but rather with submission like a Wench who has made an Assignation and when the day comes, has not a Petticoat to appear in. I am plagued to death with turning away and taking Servants, my Scotch groom ran away from me ten days ago and robbed me and several of the neighbourhood. I cannot stir from hence till a great Vessell of Alicant is bottled and till my Horse is in a condition to travel and my chimney piece made."

Here is a passage turning on one of these visits when made:

"As for judicious John, he is walked off: y^{r} cursed good Ale ruined him. He turned such a Drunkard and Swaggerer, I could bear him no longer: I reckon every visit I make you will spoil a Servant."

The following is characteristic:

"I had a very ingenious Tory Ballad sent me printed, but receiving it in a Whig house I suddenly read it, and gave it to a Gentleman with a wink, and ordered him to burn it, but he threw another Paper into the Fire. I hope to send you a Copy of it."

The following messages to Mrs. Chetwode half reveal a very engaging side of Swift's nature:

"Give my Service to Dame Plyant, and desire her to let you know what quantity of Cherryes she has for Brandy; you may steep them in just enough to keep them alive, and I will send you some very good if I can and you will tell me how much. But here I want Jo. I hope Dame found the boys well and that she gave them good Counsell upon the Subject of Gooseberryes and Codlings for I hear the eldest had been a little out of order."

And—

"I might have been cheated of my Gingerbread for any thing you s^{d} [said] in your letter, for I find you scorn to take notice of Dame's kind Present; but I am humbler and signify to her that if she does not receive by Mr Foxcroft a large tin pot well crammed with the D. of Omds. [Duke of Ormond's] snuff, holding almost an ounce, she is wronged."

We have another and more momentous reference to the Duke of Ormond in his letter dated August 2, 1715:

"Tho it be unworthy of a Philosopher to admire at any thing, and directly forbidden by Horace, yet I am every day admiring at a thousand things. I am struck at the D. of O—— [Duke of Ormond's] flight."

Next month's instalment of this correspondence may be richer. As it is, far and away the best thing in the present batch is this outburst:

"As for news, the D——l a bitt do I ever hear, or suffer to be told me. I saw in a Print that the K—— [King] has taken Care to limit the Clergy what they shall Preach; and that has given me an Inclination to preach what is forbid: for I do not conceive there is any Law yet for it."

O FONS BANDUSIÆ!

In August all thoughts of running water are delightful, and Horace's invocation to his loved spring becomes the formula of a prevailing sentiment. No need of commentators here! Leave Bently and Orelli and Dacier to their footnotes; a London water-cart is the best critique on Ode XIII., bk. iii. If behind the water-cart some other vehicle follow so close that its horse receives he cold rivulets on his fore-legs the commentary will be better, since the tired ox and the ranging cattle were made free of the poet's fountain. Is it sweltering hot in London?—it was sweltering hot in the valley of Ustica. The Bandusian rill gushed with no deceptive coolness; what it promised to the eye it squandered on the palate. And the poet, lolling on its brink, listening to its tinkling and slapping, and all its gentle modes of speech, vowed that his river-head should live in song with the rivers of antiquity; should live with Alpheus, pursuing Arethusa through the astonished deep to a home in the Ortygian valley; with Mæander, rising in the palace of Cyrus and winding by white-walled towns to the Ægean Sea; with Simois and Scamander, falling two ways down Ida to enclose Ilion; with the blue Phasis on whose banks Jason found the Golden Fleece; with Achelous, strong and turbulent, wasting Calydon with inundations and rolling its sands to its mouth; with Peneus flowing "smooth as oil" through Tempe, and imaging the laurel in which Daphne passed from the straining eyes and feet of Apollo. Such fame Horace promised to the spring on his Sabine farm, and he promised it as gaily as if immortality was not harder to bestow than the wine, the flowers, and the kid that he vowed in the same instant. His careful, conscious art might, one conceives, have failed with such a theme, but it did not.

A man who is constitutionally unhappy in hot weather will be apt to let his thoughts run on cool waters and water play of every kind. All the memories and images of refreshing water which his childhood or reading can yield him wait in the ante-room of his imagination, and enter to him in the intervals of discomforting effort. The writer is himself conscious that from a child he has entertained cool, watery visions of this kind. At school he mightily affected "the brook Kidron." It is odd how boys fasten on what pleases them in their reading, to the exclusion or distortion of contexts. Thus, in the story of Absalom's conspiracy, it befell that the flight of David, his generous command to Ittai to return to safety, and Ittai's generous refusal, the flight of the royal household, the weeping of the people, and the fear that urged them still on—went for nothing beside this single circumstance of the exodus: "The king also himself passed over the brook Kidron, and all the people passed over, toward the way of the wilderness." Toward thirst and hunger and exposure, maybe, that joyless throng pressed weeping; yes, but "over the brook Kidron!" There was that delightful incident. There was the water to see, and the shining pebbles, and the rushes growing up from immersed roots, and the long weeds and water-grasses drawn as far as they could stretch in the cool current. No wonder that a youth in whom hot weather awoke these aqueous sympathies profanely wondered whether "Abana and Pharphar, rivers of Damascus," might not after all be as Naaman said, "better than all the waters of Israel"; cooler, perhaps; deeper, more pellucid, and stealing through darker shades of over-spreading leaves. Would there had been a little more in the story about those rivers of Damascus!

There was a passage, too, in some old reading-book that got a life-long lodgment in the writer's mind. It occurred in a selected piece of Nathaniel Hawthorne's. Therein the town pump of Salem is supposed to be giving an address through its spout, half autobiography, half temperance lecture. Concerning its ancestral history the pump remarks: "In far antiquity, beneath a darksome shadow of venerable boughs, a spring bubbled out of the leaf-strewn earth, in the very spot where you now behold me, on the sunny pavement. The water was as bright and clear, and deemed as precious, as liquid diamonds. The Indian sagamores drank of it from time immemorial, till the fatal deluge of the fire-water burst upon the red men, and swept their whole race away from the cold fountains. Endicott and his followers came next, and often knelt down to drink, dipping their long beards in the spring. The richest goblet then was of birch bark. Governor Winthrop, after a journey afoot from Boston, drank here out of the hollow of his hand. The elder Higginson here wet his palm and laid it on the brow of the first town-born child." How suffocating the schoolroom seemed!

But hot weather, now as then, is to be endured. We may justly allay, but not annihilate, the discomforts of the season. The able-bodied man who abandons himself to baths in summer is condemned with him who hugs the fire in winter. We may not riot in any good thing. Horace sang his fountain's praises temperately, and because the waters that refreshed him were the good gift of the gods, for which praise and sacrifice were meet. Even cold water can be made to minister to a sensuousness that is not quite on the side of the angels. Spenser has a description of a fountain in "The Faery Queen" which, in sheer sensuous portraiture of copious, clear, and refreshing water, tricked and diverted by

art, is possibly unrivalled in English literature:

"And in the midst of all a fountain stood
Of richest substance that on Earth might bee,
So pure and shiny that the silver flood
Through every channell running one might see;
Most goodly it with curious ymagerie
Was over-wrought, and shapes of naked boyes,
Of which some seemed with lively iollitie
To fly about, playing with their wanton toyes,
Whylest others did themselves embay in liquid ioyes.

* * * * *

"Infinit streames continually did well
Out of this fountaine, sweet and faire to see,
The which into an ample laver fell,
And shortly grew to so great quantitie,
That like a little lake it seemd to bee;
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits hight,
That through the waves one might the bottom see,
All pav'd beneath with jaspar shining bright,
That seemd the fountaine in that sea did sayll upright."

But where does Spenser place these extreme water-delights? In the "Bowre of Blis," what time Guyon had righteously resolved on its destruction root and branch. For an antidote one may turn to that stanza in Matthew Arnold's "Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse":

"The silent courts, where night and day
Into their stone-carved basins cold
The splashing icy fountains play—
The humid corridors behold!
Where, ghostlike in the deepening night,
Cowl'd forms brush by in gleaming white."

Such fountains are for the soul's fever. And, after all, the Latin coolness of Horace is August's lenitive. To-day, to suffer from the heat is to take the Bandusian Ode on our lips. A lover of Horace in translations, knowing not six words of Latin, told the writer that in the late hot weather he had found himself in his rides and walks about the streets of London repeating to himself the three words—"O fons Bandusiæ!" To repeat them was a solace.

THE BOOK MARKET.

OLD BOOKS IN BIRMINGHAM.

"YOU want to interview me," said Mr. Charles Lowe, the well-known second-hand bookseller of Birmingham; "then just ask me questions straight from the shoulder."

We were chatting in a *café* for ease and coolness: Birmingham also has its sirocco.

"Not from the shoulder, please, Mr. Lowe; I am, like Shakespeare's sicklemen, 'of August weary.' Please recognise my mood. If I should drop a question, and if you should emit an answer, it will be enough. We will sit here a very long time. Let me see, I was wondering whether Birmingham was a good——"

"Market for second-hand books?"

"Thank you, I think that is what I was wondering."

"Yes; I should call it that, most decidedly."

"You are thick on the ground, are you not, Mr. Lowe?"

"Yes; Birmingham is full of second-hand bookshops; but the old stagers are not many—I count them on the fingers of one hand."

"I need not ask you whether you are one of the old stagers?"

"I am. I followed my father, whose shop stood for many years in Colmore-row when Colmore-row was New Hall-street, and was lined with shops instead of offices and hotels. We at last came into New-street, and ten years ago I opened my present shop."

"Is there a strong body of book-buyers in Birmingham?"

"Oh, yes. I call Birmingham a literary city. Men like Mr. Samuel Timmins (we know him here as 'Sam Timmins') lead the way. Mr. Timmins is a Shakespearean scholar and an all round literary man. Then Mr. Dent, of the Aston Library, is a great bookman and a thorough student. We have the Midland Institute, and two literary magazines are published in the town."

"You issue a catalogue?"

"Oh, yes; and I do four-fifths of my business through it. Naturally I have accumulated an immense list of addresses, and in any case my catalogue goes to every public library in the kingdom, and far beyond it."

"Do you make a speciality of local histories and topographical works, Mr. Lowe?"

"Well, we look after such well. Works like Shaw's *Staffordshire*, Hutton's history of *Birmingham*, Dugdale's *Warwickshire*, Noakes's books on Worcestershire, and Nash's *Worcestershire*, are always fish to our net."

"Nash's *Worcestershire* is one of the most expensive of county histories, I have always understood?"

"Yes; but I would take an order to supply it at any time for fifteen or sixteen pounds."

"Have you had any specially interesting customers?"

"Many; Mr. Gladstone has been one, of course."

"And how does he order books?"

"He returns the catalogue marked, with the instruction, 'Send these.'"

"And who else?"

"Mr. Chamberlain."

"Well?"

"Oh, he buys books of reference, useful books. I have sold him many such. Then Mr. Ruskin is another old customer of mine."

"And what was his peculiarity?"

"Well, if he bought £9 16s. worth of books, he would send me a cheque for £10, and say, 'Give the change to the packer.'"

"Thank you; that is delightful, that cools me. He might so easily have sent him a volume of *Fors Clavigera*."

SCIENCE.

NOW that the programme of the British Association meeting is before one, it is possible to form some idea of the value of the work to be done this year in Toronto. The first point that strikes me, in looking down the list of papers, is that there is absolutely nothing of sensational interest or novelty in the programme such as there was in the year when Lord Rayleigh and Prof. Ramsay made their historic announcement of the discovery of argon. On the other hand, there are numerous papers on subjects and by authors already familiar in combination. The lists belonging to certain sections almost suggest a *résumé* of the exhibition catalogues of the Royal Society soirées during the past season. Of topical subjects, we have a lecture by Prof. Roberts-Austen on the metals of Canada, a paper by J. Loudon, B.A. (Toronto University), on Canadian standards, one by F. Napier Denison on the great lakes as a sensitive barometer, one on Canadian virgin soils by F. T. Shute, one by Dr. George Dawson (Director of the Canadian Survey) on ancient American rocks, about twelve other geological papers—in fact, the papers promised in this section deal almost exclusively with local problems—and a variety of mixed papers in the ethnological and botanical sections. The physiological and botanical sections are especially remarkable for the number of papers by members of American and Canadian universities.

THE presidential addresses, which often contain new speculative matter, are this year, to judge from the titles, much what one might expect. The president of the meeting, Sir John Evans, will deal with the vexed question of the antiquity of man, on which his views are more or less known beforehand. Prof. Forsyth in the mathematical, and Prof Marshall Ward in the botanical section, offer contradictory views as to the value of utilitarian research in their respective science, the mathematician being scornful of it, the botanist quite the reverse. Prof. Ramsay, as president of the chemical section, will deal with a subject which at present only exists hypothetically. It is one of the undiscovered elements required to fill up the gaps in Mendeléef's periodic system. Prof. Ramsay has been trying to find this "missing link," which, according to his belief, ought to have an atomic weight of 20, a density of 10, and properties similar to those of argon and helium. So far his search has been vain. There are several interesting papers down for the chemical section, but none in the name of Prof. Dewar. It is stated that the president of the Chemical Society will not be present at the meeting. In the zoological section Prof. Miall, the president, will discourse on the life histories and transformations of animals. In the geographical section Mr. Scott Keltie will expound the problems of exploration still remaining to be solved. Dr. Dawson's paper on old American rocks, in the geological section, has already been mentioned. In the section devoted to economic science and statistics Prof. E. K.

Gonner will deal with the labour question and other problems now agitating the social and economic world. Mr. Deacon, president of the mechanical section, has thought out for his subject an ingenious parallel between York, the first city in which the British Association met sixty-six years ago, and the little Canadian village of York, now Toronto, in which the present meeting is to be held. Sir William Turner, of Edinburgh, who presides over the anthropological section, has chosen as his subject "Some Distinctive Characters of Human Structure," and Prof. Michael Foster, president of the physiological section, ends up the list with an historical paper on the advances made in his particular branch of science during the past thirteen years, the period which has elapsed since the Association last visited Canada.

The opening of the Kent coalfields at Dover comes none too soon, if one may judge by the pessimistic tone of Mr. Hall's latest edition of his treatise, *The Coalfields of Great Britain*. According to this well-recognised authority the output of coal, which has risen from ninety-eight million tons in 1865 to nearly two hundred millions, is within measurable distance of becoming precarious. As shafts are sunk deeper and deeper in search of fresh seams, the cost of production is continually increased. Plant and machinery become more expensive, ventilation more difficult, delivery at the surface slower, and, finally, the coal itself will become more costly. Already there are famous coal areas in England which Mr. Hull classes as retrogressive, among them the Staffordshire and Coalbrookdale. The Northern coalfields, he says, are rapidly exhausting their strength, and should begin to husband their resources. It is in view of such a crisis as this that a body of wealthy engineers has began to attack the great belt of coal which runs from Westphalia, under Belgium and the North of France, to South Wales. The Kent coalfields lie deep, but their extent is known to be considerable, and just across the Channel, at Escarpelle, in the Pas de Calais, the corresponding seams under the chalk are worked at a good profit. The time is probably not far distant when coals will be carried from Kent to Newcastle.

Black diamonds lead one on to the white kind. Sir William Crookes's lecture on the diamonds of Kimberley has been published in *Nature*, and is shortly to appear in a fuller form, with numerous illustrations, as a pamphlet. One of the most interesting passages in it relates to the miners' belief that diamonds fell from heaven. There is less absurdity in this simple faith than might be supposed. Sir William Crookes gives numerous instances of diamonds found in meteorites, including the wonderful field of the Canyon Diablo, in Arizona, where diamantiferous meteorites cover an area of five miles diameter. But the paper is interesting from end to end, and contains little that anyone could fail to understand.

H. C. M.

MUSIC.

MR. ROBERT NEWMAN announces his third season of Promenade Concerts at Queen's Hall. They will commence on Saturday evening, August 28, and will continue for a space of seven weeks. Mr. Henry J. Wood will again be the conductor, and this, of course, means that the orchestra, with Mr. Arthur W. Payne as leader, will be in excellent hands. When the Promenade Concerts first commenced, Mr. Wood soon gained a reputation, and one which hitherto he has fully maintained. Mr. Newman sends a list of composers from whose works he will select novelties. Native art will be represented by Miss Amy Horrocks and Miss Dora Bright, and Messrs. W. Hurlstone, Charlton T. Speer, E. German, F. H. Frewin, H. Vicars, and Percy Pitt. Of Russian music there will be no lack. Here is the list of names—the novelties are not yet announced — of the composers: Tscharkowsky, Cui, Liapounow, Glazounow, Rimsky-Korsakow, Napravnik, Moussorgsky. France is represented by Miss Augusta Holmes, M. Gabriel Fauré, M. C. M. Widor, and M. G. Charpentier.

The list is not quite exhausted, but enough has been given to show that the manager of these concerts is not afraid of novelties. The search after what is new is regarded by some as a "craze." But, if craze it be, it is a sensible one. And in a series of forty-two concerts there is plenty of room both for the old and the new. Mr. Newman hopes that "many of the works will be found of sufficient interest to take a permanent place in our Concert Répertoire." And in that hope we cordially join.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Herrick and Martial.

London: August 6.

In your issue of July 31, p. 89, you notice *Flosculorum Fasciculus*, by Mr. C. S. Jerram, and quote a rendering he gives of Herrick's lines:

"Fat be my hind, unlearned be my wife,
Peaceful my night, my day devoid of strife;
To these a comely offspring I desire,
Singing about my everlasting fire."

These Mr. Jerram renders thus:

"Nupta indocta domi, pinguis sit vilicus agris,
Sint placidæ noctes, et sine lite dies;
Hic super accedat proles formosa perennem
Quæ cantu celebret, læta corona, focum."

To make the notice complete it should be added that Herrick derived his inspiration, and Mr. Jerram some of his phraseology, from Martial. In his "Epigrams," bk. x., 47, he names the following among others as making for the *vita beatior*:

"Non ingratus ager, focus perennis
Lis nunquam, toga rara, meus quieta."

And "Epigrams," ii. 90, concludes with the lines:

"Sit mihi verna satur, sit non dochesimus conjux,
Sit nox cum somno, sit sine lite dies."

By the way, how does Mr. Jerram scan *accedat* in his third line above?

W. F. Cobb, D.D.

Shakespeare's Sonnets.

Whitehall: August 7.

Mr. Tyler takes refuge in an unworthy quibble. It is quite true that "there is not a single play of Shakespeare of which it can be precisely and definitely said that it was written during the period" 1592-1594. But if we are unable to say, roughly, which group of plays comes nearest to those years and which to the years 1598-1601, then the work of the last twenty years goes for nothing. And, as a matter of fact, there would be very little dispute among any half-dozen competent Shakespearean scholars on this point. As to which group has the greater affinities with the sonnets, that is a question of literary style, and obviously cannot be discussed in the columns of the Academy. But surely there is quite as little pessimism in the 1598-1601 plays—mostly joyous or even riotous comedies—as in those of 1592-1594. The date of *Troilus and Cressida* is quite uncertain, and I doubt if any of the pessimistic plays can reasonably be put as early as 1601. The tragedies of invective are all a great deal later.

Now, as to the question whether the "bed-vow broke" can refer to "a marriage of Mary Fitton in early youth—possibly a runaway match—which had been set aside as invalid," surely this is a very red-herring of a conjecture. Mr. Tyler himself admits that the evidence of the pedigrees goes to show that the first marriage was that with Captain Polwhele about 1607. From 1595 to the scandal of 1601 the lady was Mistress Mary Fitton, and a maid of honour at Court. But there are two letters from Sir Edward Fitton to Cecil in 1599-1600, on which Mr. Tyler founds this idea of an earlier annulled marriage. The first speaks of a "porcon" due to his daughter from Sir Henry Wallop, treasurer of Ireland, by the non-payment of which she is "hindered." So far the reference may be and probably is to Sir Edward's other daughter, Anne, who was married in 1587. Mr. Tyler does not quote the second letter in full. He describes it as mentioning Mary by name, and as speaking of £1,200 due to Fitton and assigned by him to her. But he does not say that it is called a marriage portion. We do not know what claim Sir Fitton had on the Irish revenue. He may have assigned part of the total sum due to each of his daughters. Or if the first letter refers to Mary, it may concern a contemplated marriage which was "hindered" for want of the portion. Surely such very unintelligible fragments of a correspondence are a scanty basis for an otherwise unsupported theory. Mr. Tyler's other argument, that because Mary Fitton's elder brother married without his father's consent in 1592 therefore Mary may, probably, have done the same thing at the same time is an argument *pour rire*.

I know Mr. Tyler's book pretty well. There is certainly nothing in the binding—a very ordinary piece of work—to delay my study of it. I can turn to the page where he ascribes to Pembroke a poem of John Donne's, and to the page where he supposes that Pembroke and Shakespeare are the subjects of Ben Jonson's cut at Beaumont and Fletcher in *Bartholomew Fair*. But I have no wish to be acrimonious; I am too anxious to get at the facts; and if Mr. Tyler can give me any real evidence of this supposed early marriage, I will reconsider the Pembroke theory. Though even then, I think that, in the context, it would have shown a want of humour in Shakespeare to talk of a "bed-vow" if he only meant a marriage annulled ten years before. The Cecil papers for 1599-1600 will not apparently get calendared by the Hist. MSS. Commission for some years. Will Mr. Tyler print the second Fitton letter in full, and add to it any other letters from Fitton to Cecil

of the same date which may be in the collection? We want to know what the nature of this Irish debt really was.

E. K. Chambers.

Mr. Borlase on Irish Archæology.

Veulettes: August 7.

I am writing away from home and without the advantage of having seen Mr. Borlase's work, so that the following criticism may possibly not be justified as far as Mr. Borlase is concerned, and cannot be supported as amply as I could wish by reference to the texts. I note, however, a statement twice made in the course of your review, due apparently to Mr. Borlase, and, apparently, endorsed by your reviewer, which seems to me questionable in the extreme. It is "that the huge mass of legendary matter which forms the bulk of extant Irish literature was, in its present form, composed or recomposed mainly between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries." Later, this statement appears in the following form: "These voluminous documents mainly composed between the twelfth and fifteenth centuries."

So far, however, from applying to the "bulk of Irish literature," it seems that this statement is intended to apply solely to the so-called mythological cycle, to that body of legend which describes the settlement of Ireland by the races of Partholan, Nemeah, Fribologs, Tuatha Dé Danann, and Milesians, together with their relations both warlike and friendly. Now, whilst it is quite true that texts of this cycle continued to be copied, with alteration of the language and occasional amplification of the subject-matter down to the fifteenth century and beyond, it is equally true that the main lines of the legend are found in texts that go back to the eleventh century. Lebor Gabala as found in the Book of the Dun(ow), tenth century (Poems of Eochaidt hua Flainn), ninth century (mentions in the oldest part of Cormac's Glossary), and eighth or even seventh century (Lebor Gabala as made use of by Nennius in the first quarter of the ninth century). Furthermore, such development of the "mythological" romances as took place subsequent to the twelfth century is essentially romantic and conventional, and is of no more value for determining the original mythological or ethnological factors of the cycle than are the latest Charlemagne or Arthur romances, for the purpose of reaching the earliest form of the Carolingian or Arthurian saga. Valuable for other purposes these romantic developments may be, but for the ethnologist or the historian worthless.

I have no hope of converting my friend Mr. Borlase. But it is well to restate the simple facts of the case. The Irish mythological tales *are* the mythology of the race, extremerised under the influence of Christian and classic learning, and modified to an extent it is very difficult to determine by the Viking settlement of the ninth-tenth centuries. In their present form they are substantially the composition of tenth and eleventh centuries' antiquaries and story-tellers working upon an infinitely older mass of tribal and ritual traditions; in so far as any historic or ethnological data are to be extracted from them at all, as to which I have my doubts, it is the oldest text, and in especial Nennius and the Poems of Eochaidt hua Flainn and Einacæ hua Artacain that must be examined. As far as the Tuatha Dé Danann are concerned, I shall in the immediately forthcoming second volume of *The Voyage of Bran* submit a theory of their nature and original attributes that will, at all events, be in line with present mythological investigation as represented by Mannhardt, Mr. Frazer, M. Merillies, and Dr. Jevons.

Alfred Nutt.

BOOK REVIEWS REVIEWED.

Mr. Marion Crawford's "A Rose of Yesterday." (Macmillan.)

"One of Mr. Marion Crawford's cabinet-pictures," says the *Speaker*. "There are certain of his novels which are executed in the heroic style. . . . But, side by side with these gallery works, he has produced a series of delicate paintings on a smaller scale." The story "is told with all Mr. Crawford's refinement and subtlety, and the reader is as much interested in Mrs. Harmon's refusal to yield to Colonel Wimpole's entreaties and sue for a divorce as if he had known the lady all his life. . . . Slight and delicate as it is, there is something in *A Rose of Yesterday* which makes the book linger with a distinct aroma of its own in the reader's memory." "The peculiar significance of the book," writes the *Spectator*, "is that we find in it an American writer protesting in dignified and eloquent terms against the laxity of his country's divorce laws, and prophesying social anarchy as the inevitable result of their further relaxation. That this attitude is not assumed out of any selfish regard for man's interests will be readily admitted by all who read the noble panegyric of women at the end of the fourth chapter." It seems to the *Chronicle* that the author "has scarce displayed the courage of his convictions. He shrinks from allowing his heroine to suffer martrydom for the faith that is in her. No sooner has Helen written to her husband offering certain arrangements for their future, than she receives a message from America telling her that the man has died suddenly, and that she is free! So does she receive an earthly and material reward for her strenuousness in the righteous cause. . . . 'Be good,' Mr. Crawford seems to say, 'and you shall have not only the satisfaction of your own conscience, but a piece of plum-cake and a glass of nice currant wine as well!'" "As a work of art," says the *Telegraph*, "*A Rose of Yesterday* cannot compare with such a masterpiece as the author's *Saracinesca*. Nevertheless, it is an interesting and suggestive study, built upon the assumption that love is capable of defying time, and that the oncoming of old age is powerless to abate its ardour."

"Audrey Craven." By May Sinclair. (Blackwood.)

"Of the workmanship of this remarkable book," writes the *Pall Mall* with enthusiasm, "it is difficult to speak in terms of flattery. Audrey's character is drawn with the rarest subtlety, yet with absolute truthfulness. There is nothing superfluous in it, nothing wanting; and the same care is shown in the details as in the contour. It is a strangely fascinating yet repellent figure, and it is no exaggeration to call it a masterpiece of characterisation. Scarcely less skill is shown in the portrayal of the rest of the *dramatist personæ*, while the finished style, the terse epigrams, the excellence of the story, minister to our delight." The *Chronicle* will be "more astonished than it has ever been astonished" if it does not hear a good deal more of May Sinclair in the future. Audrey "comes near to being a masterpiece of feminine portraiture." "She was convinced that she had an individuality, and she yearned to develop it. In point of fact, she never had an original idea, a truly spontaneous impulse. 'If you could have cut a vertical section through Audrey's soul you would have found it built up of successive layers of soul. When you had dug through Wyndham you came to Ted; when you had got through Ted you came upon Hardy, the oldest formation of all.'" The *Standard* notes that "the fault of the story, if a fault it can be called, for it is one of method only, is that it shows a certain lack of emotional force, so that even the crucial scenes leave the reader somewhat unmoved, and gives the impression that the author wrote it from an intellectual standpoint, rather than an emotional one." "Perhaps," it adds, "the book is for the thoughtful reader rather than the hurried: the student of human nature will certainly find it interesting." The *Saturday*, having praised the characterisation, especially of the woman, soberly observes that "though *Audrey Craven* is in no sense a great work, it stands out honourably from the mass of rubbish that is put upon the book market under the name of fiction as a clever and well-written story. There is not a line in it that strives at 'smart' writing, but there is an abundance of good English, and now and then a good phrase."

Max Müller's "Contributions to the Science of Mythology."

"A curiously amorphous book," says the *Speaker*, "to come from one who could have been described as a great master of English style. . . . . We have sentences of personal reference and explanation breaking out in the most unexpected places . . . .; but we search in vain for any careful discussion of the questions really at issue." Comparative mythology which confines itself to language "is only a branch . . . and cannot be regarded as a science adequate to the interpretation of religious belief; for belief cannot live without the institutions which are ever modifying it. . . . ." Further, "how far is the comparative mythology of one race [the Indo-European] applicable to all races? . . . Even granting the principles of Mr. Max Müller, to argue from what may be true of a sphere within which his illustrations hold . . . to what is true of all mythology is a step too gigantic for any stride known to logic. . . . ." The book "has contributed to our knowledge of its author a little, but less than a little to our knowledge of the science he would commend." The *Athenæum* laments that "no orderly statement of rival theories is attempted"; that, "large as is the space occupied by polemics, they are ineffectual, because nowhere definite in aim or precise in method; while they constantly irritate by insistence upon secondary or irrelevant points." Special mention is, however, made of the sections devoted to Mordwinian mythology—"the sources from which the author draws his account are inaccessible to most English readers, and the mythology itself . . . is full of interest and charm."

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